

TWO OF A KIND

...the world's fastest!

The world's *fastest* and *most luxurious* passenger plane, Convair's Jet 880, is a companion achievement of the world's most spectacular bomber—Convair's supersonic B-58. Superior speed is only one indication of the over-all superior performance and passenger appeal of the Convair Jet 880—a significant jet age achievement for airline operators and travelers alike!

CONVAIR

A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

Among airlines to first offer Convair 880 Jet-Liner service will be TWA, DELTA, TRANSCONTINENTAL, S.A. (Argentina), REAL-AEROVÍAS (Brazil)

LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®



Board of Directors hears how Liberty helps them save money 6 ways

SUPPOSE you placed your compensation insurance with Liberty Mutual. You could immediately have Liberty's help in developing your in-plant medical program. Here are some good things that happened to other employers who have used this Liberty service.

Substantial reduction of compensation insurance premiums: a warehouse employing 150 people saved \$7,921 the first 6 months; the medical program cost was \$3,000. Substantial reduction of labor turnover: an employer of 200 reduced turnover 46% in 2 years. Great decrease in absenteeism: a manufacturer employing 600 cut down absenteeism by 70% in 6 years. Reduction of group insurance losses: two plants reduced them 26% and 30% respectively.

Still another benefit companies have experienced is a rise in employee morale (*put your own value on it*). And they have found that a healthier work force increases production (*and profits*). So there you have 6 hard-cash gains from an effective in-plant medical program. If you're interested, ask Liberty.



LIBERTY'S "EXPENSE RATIO" on Workmen's Compensation is lowest of any general casualty company operating nationwide. Liberty has returned \$422,111,000 in dividends to policyholders. For 20 years — the nation's largest writer of Compensation.



LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • Home Office: Boston
Insurance for: Workmen's Compensation, Group Accident and Health, Automobiles, Liability, Fire, Marine, Crime

"With us, a sideslip could



Buy and Specify Tubeless or Tube-Type



GOOD YEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON

be playing with dynamite!

But we haven't had sideslip or jackknife troubles since switching to HI-MILER CROSS-RIB."

**How Ashworth Transfer Co.,
Salt Lake City, Utah, licked jackknife
problems—gained longer tread-life:**

"Our 280 vehicles haul practically anything. Even a 167-ton barge for atomic submarines is all in our day's work.

"High explosives, too—we specialize in them," continues Vice President Glen Ashworth. "And with such cargoes over our tough mountain runs, a bad sideslip or jackknife could make headlines the driver would never read!"

"But we haven't had a bad sideslip or any jackknife since we switched to Cross-Rib," observes Ashworth Yard Manager Everett Taylor. "Not even on the Continental Divide—where a tire failure would be disastrous.

"And that's not all. Uncle Sam is fussy about explosives hauling—makes rigorous depot checks. In the 2 years before Cross-Rib, we had 50 to 60 loads rejected because of tire wear, tread cracks, bruises and the like. But in our year with

Cross-Rib, not a load has been turned down because of tires!

"That, alone, makes the Cross-Rib worth while—and we're way ahead in other ways, too:

"Our particular operation hasn't had a Cross-Rib blowout, bruise-break or tread split—even on runs more off-road than on!

"We're hanging up tread-mileage records, too. Cross-Ribs are running 100,000 miles and more—and plenty of tread still on them! On our operation, that was formerly unheard of.

"No matter how you look at it—traction, safety, long tread wear or low cost-per-mile—I say Cross-Rib HAS it!"

Ashworth Transfer Company has pioneered intermountain transportation since 1913. It serves Utah, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico—and connects with lines serving all other points. For names of other good operations gone Cross-Rib, contact your Goodyear dealer or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB EXTRA RUBBER plus TRIPLE-TOUGH



3-T NYLON CORD

TEMPERED LIKE STEEL! Like steel, tire cord must be tempered to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-temper cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—to give you longer tire life, lower cost-per-mile!

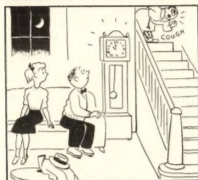


TRUCK TIRES

GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Look for this nearby
Goodyear dealer sign for better
tire values—better tire care.

Looking for Something?



drugs, rugs, lumber, glass . . .
doors, floors, nurseries, brass?
whatever you need—

Find It Fast
In The
Yellow Pages

Advertisers displaying this emblem
make your shopping easy.

LETTERS

The Big Lift

Sir:
If the Army plans to send up a live animal in a satellite, may we suggest that they use the Navy goat?

GEORGE M. WRENN

Wharton, Texas

Sir:
What'll you bet *Proveda* renames our Explorer satellite *Sputenik*?

RIP REILLY

Cleveland

Sir:
Instead of the trite sobriquet *Explorer*, the U.S. moon should have been dubbed *Minerva*; for, like the goddess of old, it too sprang from Jupiter's head.

WILLIAM T. INFIRMIER

Catonsville, Md.

Sir:
Isn't it a coincidence that the launching site for the projectile in Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon* was distant from Cape Canaveral by only the width of Florida?

ROBERT W. MAYER

Champaign, Ill.

Author Verne's space ship was launched in 1862 just 115 miles west-southwest of Cape Canaveral.—Ed.

Sir:
May I congratulate the American scientists who built the American satellite under the guidance of Werner von Braun. Of course we know that Von Braun was educated in Germany and built V-2 rockets for the Nazis, thus killing thousands of innocents.

HANK K. VAN POOLLEN

Duncan, Okla.

Sir:
Re the Explorer: You beautniks!

RAY SMITH

Melbourne, Australia

Sir:
With the advent of Explorer, perhaps aggressive man will find a better planet on which to live. Then surely "the meek shall inherit the earth."

MARIAN ELKINS

Clarksville, Tenn.

A Prize for the Secretary

Sir:
In your Jan. 13 issue you published a cartoon of John F. Dulles characterized as a rocket. Recently the Sigma Nu fraternity



DULLES AT DARTMOUTH

house patterned its winter carnival ice statue after your cartoon. We were fortunate enough to win third prize in the statue competition. I enclose a picture.

EARLE J. PATTERSON ('60)

Dartmouth College
Hanover, N.H.

Hats Off

Sir:
Thank you for publishing so much of Mr. Sherman Adams' address. It's about time someone replied to the charges, half-truths, libels, etc. that Democrats excoriated.

I. W. WARD

Weaverville, N.C.

Sir:
Even though Sherman Adams is a Republican, I'm sure he can do better than what he looked like in your Feb. 3 issue. What a hat!

B. FELDMAN

Cleveland

Talking About Turkey

Sir:
Your Feb. 3 cover story about Turkey's Premier Menderes was excellent. I believe our friends will be able to learn something about

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Just Imported:

World's Smallest Adding Machine

Fits In Your Pocket! Saves You Time, Money And Mistakes! Perfect For Salesmen, Students, Housewives, Business Men, Storekeepers, Etc. Adds and Subtracts Up To 1,000,000 In Seconds!

IT NEVER MAKES A MISTAKE

WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU:

- BALANCES CHECK BOOK
- KEEPS YOU ON BUDGET
- CHECKS GROCERY TAPES
- DOES HOME WORK
- TOTALS SALES SLIPS
- CHECKS SCORES
- TOTALS CAR MILEAGE
- DOES 1001 OTHER ADDING AND SUBTRACTING CHORES—EACH IN SECONDS!

FROM WEST BERLIN, GERMANY, COMES NEWS OF AN AMAZING time saving, work saving, money saving invention. The world's smallest, precision made adding machine that adds up to 1,000,000 . . . subtracts to 1,000,000 . . . does it in seconds . . . and never makes a mistake!

A beautifully made machine that saves you endless hours of mental work every year . . . saves you time . . . cuts out costly mistakes . . . lets you check bills, catch errors, add up

your budget, keep scores and perform 1,001 other adding and subtracting chores . . . all in a matter of seconds and without a single mental effort on your part!

A German Invention

The secret is a scientific principle acknowledged to be perfect by experts throughout the world. Developed by German scientists, ADDIATOR is now being used all over Europe. Pan American Airways, American Express and other companies as well as millions of people like you in 51 countries use and rave over ADDIATOR.

From all over come reports of nerve-wracking additions of long columns becoming easy as a game . . . of the speed . . . the sureness . . . the simplicity of this miracle machine! Think what this means to you. Now at last you can check everything you buy . . . every bill . . . every statement . . . and never lose a penny because of mistakes. You can add up your budget . . . check your children's school work . . . add up checks . . . inventories . . . records of car mileage . . . expenses keep track of what you spend each day . . . yes, do 1,001 everyday adding and subtracting jobs.

**3½ MILLION
ADDIATORS IN
USE, SAVING
TIME, WORK
AND MONEY**

**Used By
European
Governments,
Giant Firms
Throughout the
World!**

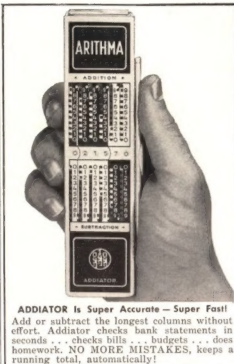
**Marvel Of Design
Never Needs Repairs**

Not a toy—not a gadget. Amazing ADDIATOR and all its moving parts are constructed entirely of aluminum or brass. It lasts a lifetime. Best of all, even a child can add or subtract up to 1,000,000 without a mistake.

**ADDIATOR Is In
Short Supply!**

All that amazing new ADDIATOR costs is \$3.98. That's because it is made in West Germany. Yet it is just as accurate as costly office adding machines. But because it comes from West Germany, and the demand in Europe is tremendous, the supplies available in this country are very limited. Only if you act at once can we guarantee to fill your order. This free trial offer will not be repeated in this magazine this year. To get your ADDIATOR for yourself or for a gift, mail the free trial coupon today.

**ADDIATOR is sent to
you complete with
FREE CARRYING CASE
with Full Money Back
Guarantee.**



ADDIATOR Is Super Accurate—Super Fast!
Add or subtract the longest columns without effort. Additor checks bank statements in seconds . . . checks bills . . . budgets . . . does homework. NO MORE MISTAKES, keeps a running total, automatically!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Stop being a slave to figures. Avoid the costly mistakes everyone makes of being too lazy to check bills and statements. Try amazing ADDIATOR for one week free. See how beautifully constructed it is . . . how easy to read the numbers . . . how smooth and silent the operation. See for yourself how ADDIATOR adds up your bills in seconds . . . totals your grocery bills like lightning . . . checks

your bank statement in nothing flat . . . figures up your mileage . . . does 1,001 adding or subtracting jobs for you and NEVER MAKES A MISTAKE.

Use it to check bridge, canasta and other scores. Let your children check their homework in seconds. Put ADDIATOR to every test. If you don't agree it will save you endless time, effort and money, you have used it entirely free. It won't cost you a penny.

3½ Million Amazing ADDIATORS Now in Use Throughout the World. Be The First In Your Area To Own One

MAIL FREE TRIAL COUPON TODAY

HARRISON HOME PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 2-T
6 Kingsland Avenue, Harrison, New Jersey

Please send me ADDIATOR with free carrying case as checked below for one week's NO RISK TRIAL. IF ADDIATOR does not do all my adding and subtracting for me in seconds . . . without ever making a mistake . . . if it doesn't save me time, effort and money . . . then you will refund my money immediately including postage.

() I enclose \$3.98 with full money back guarantee. Send ADDIATOR postpaid. I save all C.O.D. charges.

() Send ADDIATOR C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Same money back guarantee.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ SAVE! Order one ADDIATOR for yourself, another for a gift. TWO ADDIATORS sent for \$6.98. You save \$1.00.

SAVES YOU MANY DOLLARS!



Here's a money saving use for amazing ADDIATOR, the world's smallest adding machine. Add up your Super-Market items as fast as you take them off the shelves. Know how much you're spending as you go along! SAVE by knowing when to stop spending. Stay within your budget! And eliminate costly mistakes at the check-out counter by knowing the total before the clerk has punched a single figure!

*"Our **BLUE CROSS**
adapted easily
to include regular
hospital care benefits
for retired employees!"*

Says **GEORGE R. LAMADE**, *President and
General Manager, Grit Publishing Co.*



"We call our organization the Grit Family—and we take this 'family' relationship seriously. After seeing how well Blue Cross took care of the hospital expenses of our employees, we became interested in providing the same important protection for our people who retire. We found our Blue Cross program quite flexible and easily broadened to include the retirement arrangements we wanted."

Blue Cross Plans, serving locally coast to coast, bring Americans this famed program for prepayment of hospital care... the only one officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

OVER the years, Blue Cross Plans have set the pace in developing and perfecting group hospital expense protection programs. Today over 300,000 companies offer attractive Blue Cross benefits to their employees.

Blue Cross is flexible. It can be readily fitted into your employee benefit program, whether it is extensive or limited. Blue Cross people have wide experience in meeting the special requirements management may have.

Costs kept low. Blue Cross Plans are set up so as to return the maximum in benefits. All money taken in, except what is needed for low administrative

expenses and reserves, goes toward paying members' hospital expenses.

Benefits are realistic. Rather than a rigid schedule of dollar allowances, Blue Cross benefits are based on the actual requirements of the patient. This is possible because of the close working relationship between Blue Cross Plans and participating hospitals. Only Blue Cross Plans are officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

No bookkeeping problems. Blue Cross Plans handle all details of payment with the hospital. No claim filing or extra paper work for your office staff.

Employees like it. When being admitted to a participating hospital, a Blue Cross member simply shows his Blue Cross card. No red tape.

Explore this further. For a discussion of how Blue Cross can assist your employee welfare program, contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Or write directly to Blue Cross Association, Inc., Dept. 422, 55 East 34th St., New York 16, N.Y.

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H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
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TIME INC.



BLUE CROSS

*Blue Cross and symbol registered by
the American Hospital Association.

Turkey's "126-a-month *mehmetiks*," and the magnificent job they are doing in defending the Western world.

NECATI ZINCIRKIRAN

Ankara

Sir:

Your cover picture of Menderes does not show the blood of thousands of Greek Orthodox children and women (Istanbul massacre, Sept. 6, 1955). John Foster Dulles' flirtation with the corrupt country of Turkey is one of the greatest shames of today.

(THE RT. REV.) S. IRTIL

Encino, Calif.

Sir:

Apparently even a big bully can become a good Joe if he lets us play with our missiles in his back yard.

JOHN D. KENNEDY

New York City

Sir:

An exact and complete translation of your admirable story was published in *Vatan*. We received it in a cable of 5,200 words—quite a record for a Turkish daily—and published it in two parts (on account of a frozen quota of newsprint). There was an enormous demand for copies, so we had to publish the whole story again, adding your cover and the pictures after *TIME* itself arrived. The objective review of the personality of Menderes made a deep impression on the public here, and caused widespread discussions.

AHMED EMIN YALMAN
Editor

Vatan

Istanbul

What's a Scientist?

Sir:

Re your Feb. 3 article: I enclose an answer from a student in my class:

I picture a scientist as a man different from all other people. As a child I wore glasses, was skinny and tall, was never any sort of an athlete, had no school spirit, few friends, and wasn't looked at by girls. When the scientist grows up he gets married, usually at the age of about 30. He has no time for his wife as he is constantly engaged in inventing a supernatural device, etc.

RICHARD SALINGER

Wilton Junior-Senior High School
Wilton, Conn.

Sir:

I'm married to a scientist. I'm not going to give away all our family secrets here, and I'm not going to write an article on the sex life of a scientist, but there are a few things these high school students might consider. I'll admit my husband wears horn-rimmed glasses, but about the only time they set on his ears is when he watches some esoteric program on TV such as *Perry Mason*, *The Tracer* or *Bugs Bunny*. We also go skindiving, go on camping trips to the desert, chase rabbits with the kids, cook over a cozy campfire, make love by moonlight, and can have the best family fight in the neighborhood.

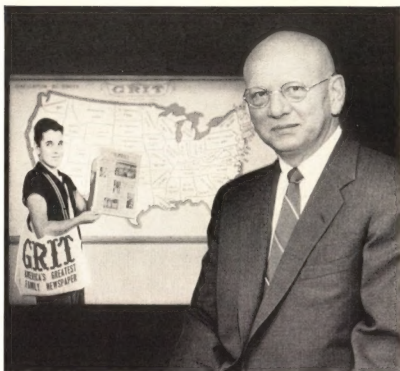
JULIE PETERSEN

Venice, Calif.

Success & Suicide

Sir:

As one who has experienced suicide within his own family, I want to thank you for your sensitive treatment of the Robert R. Young story. A working newsman, I've read enough suicide stories to perhaps grow a trifle cynical. But to such men as Young, success must be synonymous with life. The loss of success makes life unbearable. Sta-



GEO. R. LAMADE, President and Gen'l Mgr., Grit Publishing Company says . . .

"BLUE SHIELD"
*surgical-medical benefits
seem custom-made for our
people—working or retired!"*

"Time and again we've seen how Blue Shield has given a Grit employee the kind of help he needed with doctor bills. Because our employees find Blue Shield so valuable on the job, we now provide continued Blue Shield protection when they retire. It's a vital part of our retirement program."

Doctors help make Blue Shield more effective through sponsorship by local medical societies.

Broad, liberal benefits provided for hundreds of different operations and many nonsurgical services.

Minimum cost for benefits received. All money taken in by Blue Shield Plans, except for necessary expenses and reserves, goes toward paying for members' doctor bills.

Easy to administer. Payments are made direct. Your office is not involved in paper work.

Adaptable to employee benefit program—large or small.

For full facts, contact the Blue Shield Plan in your area. Or write Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 422, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Ill.



BLUE SHIELD®

*Service marks reg. by Blue Shield Medical Care Plans



top this—
to make a long
journey short

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GRAND TOURING MODEL ONLY *2835*

And the grandest thing about this new 1958 detachable Hard Top model is its remarkable, long-distance touring performance. Carrying plenty of trunk space, this weather-tight beauty is British-constructed for merciless hard driving... its extraordinary TR3 suspension and handling qualities make motoring an exhilarating sport. Make that grand feeling yours today!

*Soft top model \$2675, plus tax and license at U.S. ports of entry. (Slightly higher West Coast ports.) Wire wheels, rear seat, white wall tires and overdrive, etc. optional extra. SPECIFICATIONS: BRAKES: Disc brakes on front wheels. TOP SPEED: 110 MPH. MILEAGE: up to 35 MPG. ENGINE: 4 cyl. (OHV) 1991 cc. OUTPUT: 100 BHP. ACCELERATION: 0-50 in 8 sec. Parts and service available coast to coast! Write for Free Brochure.

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fly **BEA** —most Americans do

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
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Airways Corporation.

tistics point to suicides frequently among the wealthy, often educated men and women. This indicates that money and prestige may not be answers. Suicide is a tragic parody of values gone haywire.

SHELDON J. KARLAN

Hollywood

Bufferin v. Aspirin

Sir:

Pardon me, TIME, but your slip is showing! In the publication of the item "Buffer Off?" in your Feb. 10 issue, we sincerely believe you were misled by the research reports in *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

Our own clinical tests have consistently shown that addition to aspirin of the particular antacid mixture (*i.e.*, Di-Alminate) used in Bufferin invariably doubles the rate of absorption of aspirin into the blood stream during at least the first thirty minutes after administration.

In so far as gastric tolerance is concerned, no published report to date approaches, in our opinion, the caliber of our recent Michigan study. There, tablets of Bufferin, the four leading commercial brands of aspirin, and an inert placebo were administered on different occasions to each of 146 human subjects who presented a history of previous stomach upset from each of the four brands of aspirin. Less than 7% of the subjects reacted to Bufferin. That suggestibility played no role whatever in these studies is evident in that only one of the 146 subjects noted stomach upset from the inert placebo.

The same Doctor Batterman you quoted admits that his findings are at war with the research findings of three other prominent doctors, and your own writer realized that Doctor Batterman's report would come as "... a surprise to many physicians..." Do you really believe that physicians, dentists, nurses, and the public at large would prescribe or use a more costly medicine for almost ten years unless it fulfilled all their expectations?

R. B. BROWN

Executive Vice President
Products Division

Bristol-Myers Company
New York City

☞ TIME recognizes that there is a debate on this subject, is happy to print Reader Brown's side.—Ed.

The Riddle of Birth

Sir:

I read with delight your Jan. 27 report of the case against the woman who bore a child through artificial insemination. Did she commit an act "far less responsible and far less human than adultery," as the learned Archbishop of Canterbury claims? Does it "violate the exclusive union set up between husband and wife," and "defraud the child begotten, and deceive both his putative kinsmen and society at large"? If so, the archbishop has spotted the character of the Holy Ghost. Did Joseph sue Mary for adultery? The woman in the case should tell her husband that the child was a gift from God.

WAYNE I. BOUCHER

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Sir:

The archbishop opposed artificial insemination. Rightly so. He also firmly supported the view that homosexuality was immoral and ought to be eradicated. Considering the medical support for the Wolfenden recommendations, is it not possible that here, as in the case of nuclear warfare, scientists have opened doors with no regard for the reasons that impel caution?

J. P. MORRIS JR.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Watch "Your Hit Parade" on TV
Saturday nights for the

Hit Parade cigarette

\$20,000⁰⁰ MYSTERY TUNE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZES: 32 NEW '58 CHEVROLET CONVERTIBLES
4 awarded in each of 8 contests

SECOND PRIZES: 32 \$1,000⁰⁰ CHARGE ACCOUNTS
at any convenient store of your choice... 4 awarded in each of 8 contests

1,280 OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

160 AWARDED IN EACH OF 8 CONTESTS:
3rd PRIZES... 15 Bell & Howell Movie Cameras
and Projectors
4th PRIZES... 10 Philco Hi-Fi Sets
5th PRIZES... 10 Philco Portable TV Sets
6th PRIZES... 125 Sheaffer Ballpoint Pens



**Easy to enter! Watch "Your Hit Parade"
and name the mystery tune. Then tell us
why you like Hit Parade cigarettes.**

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. To enter any of the eight contests listed in Rule 2, simply name correctly the mystery tune played on Your Hit Parade TV show for that contest week, and then complete this statement in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because..." Write your entry on either an official entry blank or one side of any plain sheet of paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly. You may enter each contest as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by an end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes. Mail your entry to:

**Hit Parade Contest,
P. O. Box 45A,
Mount Vernon 10, New York**

Be sure to use sufficient postage on your envelope.

2. This is a series of eight biweekly contests as follows:

Mystery Tune	Hit Parade TV Show	Entries must be received by
1. ... Feb. 27	March 2	March 14
2. ... March 5	March 11	March 18
3. ... March 12	March 18	April 1
4. ... April 5	April 11	April 15
5. ... April 19	May 2	May 9
6. ... May 13	May 19	May 23
7. ... May 17	May 23	June 6
8. ... May 24	June 13	June 20

*The Hit Parade Mystery Tune Contest begins one week later than dates shown above in the following

areas: Tampa, Ark., Louisville, Ky., Providence, R. I., Nashville, Tenn., Tuscon, Ariz., La Grange, Wis., Milwaukee, Wis., but all entries must be postmarked and received by the dates stated.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States or its possessions is eligible except employees of The American Tobacco Company, its advertising agencies, and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name. You may enter as many contests as you wish, but a contestant may be awarded only one prize per contest.

4. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness of the completed statement. Entries will be judged by The Hudson H. Dunsen Corporation. To be eligible for a prize in a contest, the contestant must name the mystery tune for that contest correctly. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

5. All entries become the property of The American Tobacco Company to use as it sees fit, and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a list of winners in all such contests, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

© The American Tobacco Company

ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry:

The correct name of the mystery tune is.....

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because

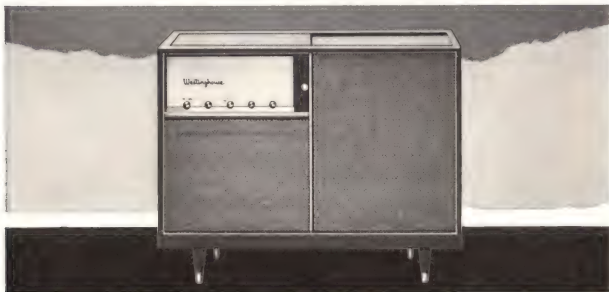
My name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Mail, with either end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes, to:

**Hit Parade Contest
P. O. Box 45A
Mount Vernon 10, New York**

Westinghouse High Fidelity Challenge...we challenge

you to find High Fidelity to equal this—not just at the same price—but in many sets costing far more!



Thousands listening to Westinghouse High Fidelity for the first time are amazed at what they hear... *and at how much they save!* They are discovering that to equal the performance of Westinghouse High Fidelity they would have to pay *far more*. But this is something you must hear to believe. We simply urge you to hear it for yourself, then let your ear decide.

Unlike ordinary sets, Westinghouse "Balanced" High Fidelity is engineered from the *inside out*. Every component—right to the superb acoustic cabinet—has been blended into a single perfectly matched Sound System.

The result is a perfection of timbre and dynamic range, a freedom from distortion not found in sets twice the price! See your Dealer. Models from \$149.50 to \$298.50.

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TELEVISION-RADIO DIVISION, MATTUCHON, NEW JERSEY

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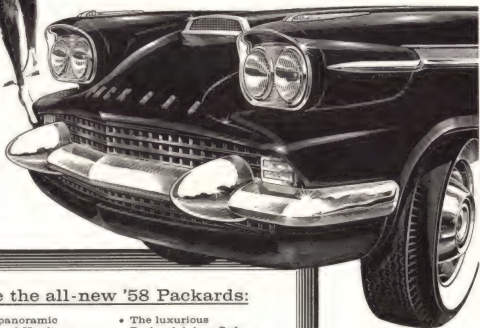
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

A Matter of Presence

The U.S. had critical interests on the line in a dozen swiftly moving areas: in the Middle East, Tunisia, Indonesia (see FOREIGN NEWS), in the drift toward an international summit conference, in the critical Stateside problems of defense and Pentagon reorganization, and especially in the deepening recession. To cope with these problems there were plenty of plans and policies. Conspicuously absent was a badly needed feeling of presence—specifically, the presence of the President of the U.S. at his desk, giving attention to the daily details that make long-range plans and policies work.

Perhaps the problem was more psychological than material—but that did not lessen its seriousness. Last week was a case in point: despite mounting unemployment figures, the Administration was confident of the basic strength of the U.S. economy, and President Eisenhower told why in a special message (see THE ECONOMY). His aim was to instill public confidence in the fact that the economy was in strong, sure hands. His Administration, he said, was keeping constant vigilance. Yet the very next day he was off for a ten-day vacation on the Georgia estate of ex-Treasury Secretary George Magoffin Humphrey, last year's prophet of a hair-curling depression—and a good deal of the meaning seemed gone out of his message. Ike in the White House at such a time would have meant presence, and perhaps a national sense of day-to-day problems studied and decided on. Ike by the fireplace on a winterbound Georgia plantation was a remote figure in a demanding and uneasy time.

THE ECONOMY

Good News for Bad

I was talking to a friend of mine the other day. He's got a good job, makes good money, but he said there is so much talk about recession that he isn't going to buy that new car he'd been planning to get.

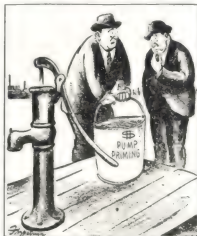
—Dallas hardware dealer

A lot of U.S. jobholders were in the same wait-and-see mood last week as the Dallas hardware dealer's friend. With relatives and neighbors out of work, and reports of new layoffs on the front pages, confidence in the economy's health was still ebbing, and the ebb brought an increasing reluctance to buy and invest.



Hugh Hapley—Greenberg Daily News
THINGS ARE LOOKING UP!

Semi-hysterical outcries did not help. In Miami Beach, Fla., the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council called upon labor leaders to gather in Washington in mid-March for a "National Emergency Conference" on the economy. In Connecticut, with 8.3% of the state's labor force out of work, Democratic Governor Abraham Ribicoff summoned the general assembly into special session. And in Washington, Capitol Hill Democrats, convinced that recession will be their party's most profitable issue in the November congressional elections, were doing the nation's confidence no good by trumpeting statistics of sag and calling for crash programs reminiscent



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch
DOES IT SOUND NEW-DEALISH?

of Great Depression days (see Politics).

Big Black Statistic. The looming crisis of confidence was a serious challenge to Administration leadership: the great economic danger was that crumbling confidence might still further shrink buying and investing, and so turn a dip into a more severe recession. Confronted with this challenge, Dwight Eisenhower and four of the Government's top economic-policy shapers huddled in the President's White House office one afternoon last week. Present besides Ike: Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson, Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., Economic Advisers Chairman Raymond Saulnier, Presidential Economics Assistant Gabriel Hauze. They knew that next day the Labor Department was to release a big black statistic certain to shake the nation's already jolted optimism: from December to January unemployment soared by a startling 1,120,000, bringing the mid-January total to 4,494,000, highest mark since the recession pinch of early 1950.

Both Ike's economic and political advisers decided that the Administration had to counteract the bad news. Stacked up in the custody of Ike's public-works assistant, Major General (ret.) John S. Bragdon, were detailed plans for several billion dollars worth of public-works projects, ready for sending to Congress on short notice. But the Administration saw no reason to abandon its long-standing basic position: 1) eased credit, stepped-up defense spending and underlying economic strengths will get things perking up by midyear, and 2) drastic, too-much-too-soon recovery programs might fuel a new spiral of inflation. The decision: a reassuring statement by the President, plus a token public-works program.

Beginning of the End. Next day White House Press Secretary James Hagerty announced the public-works token: a \$2 billion plan for building and modernizing post offices over the next three to five years, largely by private investors, with the Government's \$175 million-a-year share provided by the "fifth cent" of the Administration's proposed 3¢ postage for out-of-town first-class mail. Actually, this was a meager, gimmick-ridden four-year-old plan that, despite whatever merits it might have for speeding mail, was a puny anti-recession weapon. Next morning, before a battery of cameras and microphones, the President read his statement.

"I believe," he said, "that we have had



Associated Press: Noel Clark—Black Star; Walter Bennett; Robert Phillips—Black Star
ECONOMIC POLICY PLANNERS ANDERSON, MARTIN, SAULNIER, HAUGE
Too little too late?

most of our bad news on the unemployment front [and] that we are not facing a prolonged downswing in activity. Every indication is that March will commence to see the start of a pickup in job opportunities. That should mark the beginning of the end of the downturn."

To the prediction the President added a promise: promoting economic recovery is "the firm policy of the Government," and if remedies are needed, "I assure you they will be proposed—and in time."

From major cities of the U.S., TIME correspondents reported that the President's statement felt flat. The prediction that unemployment would decline in March was safe enough: winter's end always brings a job pickup as outdoor work resumes in farming and construction. But the impression lingered that the President expected the economy to bound upward in March. Accordingly, many businessmen and economists, expecting no general upturn until midyear at the earliest, scoffed at Ike's statement instead of applauding it. Even the former chairman of Ike's Council of Economic Advisers, Columbia University Professor Arthur F. Burns, dissented from his ex-boss's forecast. The recession would last, ventured Burns, until ended by "massive" Government intervention.

What the President apparently meant to say—and he had sound economic reasons for saying it—was essentially what Franklin Roosevelt said in 1933: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Instead, what came through was an echo of the hollow prediction popularly attributed to Herbert Hoover in the early 1930s: "Prosperity is just around the corner."

POLITICS

Profit in Recession

"There is nothing wrong with our economy that a good dose of confidence won't cure," declared Vice President Richard Nixon at a Republican Lincoln Day rally in Phoenix, Ariz. "The battle cry of the Administration's opponents is obviously going to be 'Depression is just around the corner.' Some are urging us to go

back to the multibillion-dollar leaf-raking boondoggling which failed so miserably in the 1930s." If the Democrats are "betting on depression," said he, the Republicans are "betting on prosperity."

Less vividly, many another speaker at G.O.P. gatherings across the country last week joined Dick Nixon in a Republican counterattack against the Democratic drive to wring political prosperity out of economic recession (TIME, Feb. 17). All week long the Democrats kept up their offensive. The governors of Colorado, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island and Washington—Democrats all—dispatched a joint telegram to President Eisenhower urging a "practical program" (i.e., plenty of federal funds) to combat "the growing national recession." On Capitol Hill, Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson outlined a ten-point anti-recession program that

Senate Democrats were busy drafting. It called for more and faster federal spending for just about every variety of public work, even reached back to the Great Depression to include a stand-by WPA-type program. Cried Johnson's deputy majority leader, Montana's Mike Mansfield, "The question is just as much spuds as Sputniks."

Johnson's program did not include tax cuts, but Illinois' Paul Douglas, fresh from firsthand conversations with Chicago's unemployed, filled in the gap by hopping a bill to trim personal income and excise taxes by \$4.4 billion. Over in the House, Texas Speaker Sam Rayburn, despite his own opposition to tax cuts, ordered lieutenants to get a tax-cut bill drafted in case the economy fails to pep up in early spring. And for all his confidence in ultimate prosperity, Richard Nixon put the Republicans within leaping distance of the tax-cut bandwagon. Said he: "If the choice is between a boondoggling public program on a massive scale and a tax cut, I for one would be for a tax cut. It would give an immediate impetus to the economy."

INVESTIGATIONS

Lo, the Investigator

There I was, as recently as a month and a half ago, sitting in isolation in my academic ivory tower in New York, and lo, the call came to me to perform a great public service in Washington.

There he was, New York University Law Professor Bernard Schwartz, 35, explaining to the Federal Bar Association last September how he had come to be chief counsel for the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, investigating the Federal Communications Commission and other U.S. regulatory agencies. And lo, last week Bernard Schwartz was tossed out in the midst of the noisiest time Capitol Hill has had since Joe McCarthy and his junketeering gum shoes. Cohn & Schine.

Schwartz's firing had long been inevitable. During his six months in Washington he had bullied both witnesses and Con-



United Press
DOUGLAS (RIGHT) & UNEMPLOYED
Too much too soon?

gressmen (TIME, Feb. 17). He had got into a mixup on his own expense accounts at the same time that he was accusing FCC Chairman John Charles Dierfer of chiseling the Government on expenses. He had leaked secret subcommittee papers to newsmen even while denouncing subcommittee members for doing the same thing; under Schwartz's taunting, subcommittee members swore under oath, in one of history's silliest congressional scenes, that they had not leaked a confidential memo to Columnist Drew Pearson. What finally did it was a weekend press conference at which Lawyer Schwartz accused the subcommittee of trying to "whitewash" his investigations.

Flinching his innuendoes high, wide and handsome, Schwartz paraded such names as White House Staff Chief Sherman Adams, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks and George Gordon Moore (Mamie Eisenhower's brother-in-law). He darkly suggested that they had improperly influenced the regulatory agencies—and in a later statement, even while admitting that he was far from developing any complete case, he cried that he had "planned to bring to light the machinations of the White House clique in controlling decisions of these agencies."

Payment for Help. Next day the subcommittee met in anguish, angry eight-hour session. Schwartz was called in and questioned, emerged to report: "There has never been a meeting like this one. I charged directly to their face that a majority of the subcommittee were interested only in a whitewash, only in squelching the investigation. I said: 'Let's not talk about the past, but about the future. I'll give you a real investigation if you want it. If you don't want it, fire me.' . . . I made the mistake of slouching, and they asked me to sit up. I said: 'Let the record show that I am now sitting up.'"

By a 7 (three Democrats, four Republicans) to 4 (three Democrats, one Republican) vote, the subcommittee booted Bernard Schwartz. Throughout it all, Schwartz's chief defender had been the subcommittee chairman, Missouri Democrat Morgan Moulder. Next day Moulder resigned his chairmanship, to be replaced by Arkansas Democrat Oren Harris, chairman of the full House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Schwartz characteristically repaid Moulder for his backing. Said he: "He turned out to be a weak man."

"I'll Sue You." But Bernard Schwartz was far from ready to return to his academic ivory tower. No sooner was he fired than he consulted with two of his favorite newsmen, the Des Moines Register's Clark Mollenhoff and a Drew Pearson legman named Jack Anderson. Off marched Schwartz and Mollenhoff, with a suitcase and two cardboard boxes full of subcommittee documents, to the Mayflower Hotel suite of Delaware's investigations-minded Republican Senator John Williams. Williams recognized that the papers had, in effect, been pilfered from a subcommittee of the U.S. House of Representatives, turned Schwartz and Mollenhoff back into the night.



EX-COUNSEL SCHWARTZ
So many half-truths . . .

From Senator Williams' apartment. Schwartz and Mollenhoff, after picking up Jack Anderson at Drew Pearson's home, took the documents to the home of Oregon's ex-Republican, ex-Independent, now Democratic Senator Wayne Morse, who had none of Williams' qualms about accepting them. Morse grandly offered to return them to the House—and permitted new Subcommittee Chairman Harris to come for them in person.

That night Investigator Schwartz came churning up to the office he had kept in a small stucco building across from the new House Office Building. By that time, the subcommittee had a guard on the door, in the person of Staffer Stephen Angland, to prevent Schwartz from taking any more of its property. Schwartz raised



COMMISSIONER MACK
. . . in so little time.

his arms above his head, turned to newsmen and cried: "These newspapermen are witnesses that I am taking only my coat, scarf and hat. May I take my wife's photograph from my desk, or this chocolate bar, which is a present for my five-year-old son?" Said Angland: "Please get out of here." Shrieked Schwartz: "I'll sue you if any of my personal property is missing." Then he stomped away.

Payment for Services? Schwartz's last big splash of the week came when he was subpoenaed by the subcommittee to testify about some of the accusations he had been flinging about. He appeared tired, subdued, and, for the first time, civil. He was also an arresting witness.

Federal Communications Commissioner Richard A. Mack, he said, had taken a \$2,650 payoff for casting the deciding vote in favor of granting a lucrative Miami television channel to a subsidiary of National Airlines. The money, Schwartz said, came from well-to-do Miami Lawyer Thurman A. Whiteside, who had a reputation as, "to use the colloquial term, 'a fixer.'" Added Schwartz: "Mr. Whiteside himself has been, and I believe still is, subject to disbarment proceedings." Schwartz's catalogue of evidence included a wire recording secretly made at his direction by his aide, Herbert Wachtell, while questioning Mack. The recording was kept secret from Chairman Moulder but was later turned over to Wayne Morse by Schwartz's lawyer-wife.

With the help of canceled checks and an affidavit, Bernard Schwartz made out something of a plausible case against Richard Mack, 48, an amiable Florida Democrat who had been thought of as a possibility for his party's future nomination for governor or Senator. Indeed, Schwartz was hardly off the stand before Attorney General William Rogers ordered the FBI into the case. Miami's Whiteside and FCC's Mack protested their innocence, and Mack requested a chance to give the subcommittee his side of the story. He was set down for the chance this week. Not before then could anyone tell whether Bernard Schwartz, after 10, these many months, had performed any public service other than proving that a cocky law professor can sling more half-truths and innuendoes in less time than a skilled politician.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Drift Toward the Summit

A White House limousine stopped at the Russian embassy on 16th Street one morning last week and picked up a burly passenger bundled up in a double-breasted blue overcoat. Escorted by two motorcycle cops, the car sped to the White House, where the State Department's Protocol Chief Wiley Buchanan Jr. escorted the visitor into the oval, green-walled office of the President of the United States.

Unerasable Smile. The caller was Mikhail Alekseevich Menshikov, Russia's new ambassador to the U.S. A foreign-trade specialist who persuasively sold the Soviet trade-plus-aid approach as ambassador to India, Envoy Menshikov, 55, is conspic-



MENSHIKOV & WIFE
On went the smile.

United Press

uously suited to the Kremlin's peaceful-coexistence line. In black-and-white contrast to his dour, clam-mouthed predecessor, Georgy Zharubin, he flashes a wide and easy smile, spouts friendly sentiments in fluent English. Upon arrival in the U.S. a fortnight ago, he promptly declared himself an ambassador of "peace, friendship and cooperation." Last week he paid courtesy visits to Vice President Nixon and half a dozen State Department officials, stepped out in top hat and tails for the formal White House dinner for diplomats. Everywhere he went, he displayed a seemingly unerasable smile.

Apparently Menzhikov smiled at his closed-door meeting with the President (nobody else was present except Protocol Chief Buchanan). Credentials-presenting ceremonies at the White House are usually routine, lasting five or ten minutes. But Menzhikov's visit lasted 32 minutes. When press photographers asked Press Secretary James Hagerty about pictures, he said flatly: "No, we never have pictures of these calls." But a moment later his aide hove into view, calling, "Photographers!" The President himself had decided to break the rule.

Unwanted Meeting. Afterwards, Menzhikov told newsmen that Ike and he had both "expressed the hope that the [summit] meeting will be organized." The remark had a prophetic ring: under subtle pressures of opinion at home and abroad, the U.S. seemed to be drifting inexorably toward a summit meeting without either wanting one or doing much to counter the pressures.

Back in mid-January, replying to Premier Bulganin's invitation to the summit, the President declared: "It would be essential that prior to such a meeting . . . complex matters should be worked on in advance through diplomatic channels and by our foreign ministers." Last week, when a press-conference questioner asked Secretary of State Dulles whether "it is

essential to hold a foreign ministers' meeting prior to a summit conference," Dulles replied: "No, it isn't essential."

Dulles pointed out that the President's letter to Bulganin did not explicitly call for a foreign ministers' "meeting." But measured against that letter's tone and spirit, Dulles' outright "No, it isn't essential" seemed a step toward the summit, a step dictated by the haunting need to avoid seeming "rigid" in the eyes of neutrals, allies and the soft-line camp at home. Since the Russians had already conceded that the U.S. insistence on advance preparations is "correct," Dulles' concession seemed to leave no barrier to ambassador-level discussions of an agenda for a summit meeting that Dulles had declared in advance to be "futile."

REPUBLICANS

Take a Letter

Dear to all oil and gas men—especially Texas oil and gas men—is the so-called natural gas bill, which, if it became law, would cut down the power of the Federal Government to regulate gas prices. Twice passed by Congress, the bill was twice done to death in the White House: President Truman vetoed it in 1950; President Eisenhower vetoed it in 1956 after South Dakota's Republican Senator Francis Case announced that a gas lobbyist had tried to bribe him. Last week the bill's backers were ready to write it off for at least another year. This time, not a proffered bribe but a letter cut off the gas.

The letter came from Houston Oilman H. J. (Jack) Porter, 61, hard-riding Republican national committeeman, who wrote 25 influential Texas Republicans on official party stationery, asking them to support a \$100-a-plate fund-raising speech from House Republican Leader Joe Martin in Houston. In the letter was a pointed paragraph that punctured the great gas balloon. Excerpts: "Joe Martin . . . has always been a friend of Texas, especially of the oil- and gas-producing industries. He mustered two-thirds of the Republican votes in the House each time the bill was passed. . . . It will be up to Joe Martin to muster at least 65% of the Republican votes in order to pass the gas bill this year."

Such fund-raising methods came naturally to Jack Porter: back in 1954, accused of "selling" postmasterships for campaign contributions, Porter explained, "There's no law against soliciting funds from any source, as far as I know." But when it got the news of Porter's letter—as printed in the *Washington Post* and *Times-Herald*—the Administration exploded. Republican National Committee Chairman Meade ALCORN blew hot into the White House switchboard, and the word was relayed to President Eisenhower, who reddened and snapped: "Let's check the facts on this."

A few quick calls proved the story right, and ALCORN, with Ike's full endorsement, announced that the National Committee did not know beforehand of Porter's letter and would not accept the \$100,000 collected at the dinner. Later,



MARTIN & PORTER
Off went the gas.

International

when newsmen asked White House Press Secretary James Hagerty for the President's reaction to Porter's blunder, he made a slashing gesture with the edge of his right hand against the arm of his red leather chair; Jack Porter's head figuratively rolled onto the floor. With it went the gas bill's chances, and no one knew it better than the oil and gas men. Said one: "I advised two years ago that Porter should be shot without ceremony. Too bad it didn't happen."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Childe Harold to the Fray

Harold Stassen's future as presidential disarmament adviser had been behind him for weeks, but nonetheless he and President Eisenhower went warmly through the formalities of a Washington leave-taking last week. In a phone call to the President's retreat in Thomasville, Ga., Stassen told Ike that at long, long last he had decided to leave the Administration to run for governor of Pennsylvania.* Stassen followed up the call with a formal letter of resignation, received a genuinely warm reply: "In the important posts to which you have been assigned, I have been most appreciative of your sincerity of purpose, tireless energy and dedication to duty."

These were the qualities that had made President Eisenhower stick with Stassen long after he had made an enemy of nearly everyone else in the Administration with his odd maneuverings, e.g., his abortive attempt to dump Vice President Richard Nixon from the Republican ticket in 1956, and his continued sniping at State Secretary John Foster Dulles' policy on disarmament negotiations with

* If elected, Minnesota's ex-Governor Stassen would become the second man to be governor of two different states. The other: Sam Houston, Tennessee (1827-29), Texas (1859-61).

Russia (TIME, Jan. 30). Moving to Pennsylvania, where he has maintained voting residence since his 35-year stint as president of the University of Pennsylvania. Stassen figures to be just about as welcome as he was in Washington. Said Pennsylvania's Republican Chairman George Bloom on hearing of the Childs Harold's gubernatorial intentions: "Anywhere that I have had any contact with Republicans in Pennsylvania, I have found no sentiment for Harold Stassen."

That could hardly have worried Harold Stassen less; he was already hard at work hammering tenpenny nails into his political platform. His first plank: "There should be a summit conference—the sooner the better."

WEATHER

The High That Flubbed

Winters on the U.S. East Coast are ordinarily moderated by the Bermuda high, a swirling mass of moist tropical air off the Atlantic Coast that acts as a protective buffer to icy arctic blasts. This winter, because of abnormal patterns in the high altitude winds (TIME, Jan. 20), the Bermuda high has been flubbing its job. Result: successive masses of polar air have flowed down the Mississippi Valley and eastward, spreading out to reach deep into Florida, to bring abnormal cold and, in the clash with tropical air masses, heavy rains and snows.

Last week the South had barely brushed itself off from a freeze and a light snow—which, among other things, broke up a Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans and drove vacationing President Eisenhower indoors at Thomasville, Ga.—when a violent new storm boiled up off the Louisiana coast. Mixing its Gulf moisture with the cold arctic air, it swept north and east, dumping the season's heaviest snowfall from Jackson, Miss. on up into Maine. Temperatures sank to a bitter sub-freezing all along the path, sank lower in its wake.

By and large the East Coast could take

a vicious swipe of winter in its stride, reminding itself that this was the way the winters used to be in the good old days. But in the South, where the good old days used to be warm and balmy, the winter of the big freeze would be long remembered in terms of heartbreak and heavy losses.

DISASTERS

Singed to the Tip

The cold wave hurt most in Florida, frost-singed nearly to its tip. Since December, southern Florida has had six freezes (three more than in any year since records began some 40 years ago), and weathermen are marking this as the state's worst winter.

With an estimated 75% of their mid-winter vegetable crop irretrievably gone, Dade County farmers ruefully reckoned losses at \$25 to \$30 million, hoped that the remaining 25% would not be lost. The effect was quickly felt in scanty offerings, high prices at fresh-vegetable counters in the North and East. In January a year ago, 1,787 railroad carloads of Florida-grown fresh beans, spinach, corn, new potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables moved to market. Last month the flow was 736 carloads.

Smoke for Heat. Many fought back at the cold. Around the Lake Okeechobee area, vegetable growers tried desperately to warm the land by raising the level of water in the canals, or plowing soil loosely over young tomato plants for insulation. Citrus growers, their groves all but stripped of fruit and leaves, lit smudge pots, and when these gave out, blackened the sky by burning old auto tires. Preliminary estimates of the citrus-crop loss, on the low side, showed that the expected 142,500,000-box yield of oranges, grapefruit and tangerines has been cut back to 119,400,000 boxes. Federal and state laws prohibit selling as fresh any fruit that falls to the ground, but some growers hid damaged fruit under a layer of good fruit to smuggle it past inspectors and take advan-

tage of premium prices farther north.

Cattlemen also were hard hit. In recent years Florida's year-round pasturage, which normally eliminates the need of laying by hay and feed for winter, has helped make the state an important beef producer. Last week Florida's 1,400,000 head of Brahmas, Santa Gertrudis, Herefords and Aberdeen-Anguses were so weakened by malnutrition and weeks of slushing around in soggy pastures that cattlemen feared deaths would reach 270,000. Deaths already had decimated Collier County's 25,000 herd, and the area's spring calf crop was expected to be only 10 to 15 liveborn calves per 100 cows, 75 in normal years. A pilot who flew over the ranch area said he saw dead and dying cattle "in every direction. It is a field day for the buzzards."

Thicker than Solve. In Miami, the gloom was thicker than the anti-sunburn salve of good years. With many a smaller hotel discreetly advertising steam heat, the bigger hotels plugged morning movies and bridge tournaments for guests unable to stay outside, reported business off 20% to 30%. But some hotelmen quickly slashed rates, even offered free airline transportation for wives. Miami hoped there might still be a long late season, if the weather should moderate. But last week the new 30-day long-range weather forecast predicted subnormal temperatures through mid-March.

"We may keep on getting one cold spell after another for a long time," warned Miami's U.S. Weatherman Leonard Pardue. "The cold air is piled up a mile high in Canada, and it can keep right on coming down here. The best we can hope for for a while is a couple of sunny days at a time."



DEAD CATTLE IN OKEECHOBEE COUNTY

Over the unsunny South, mile-high gloom.



Control! Sighers: II—Black Stars: Associated Press
SNOWSTORM IN BOWIE, Md.

THE CONGRESS

Pay-As-You-Go Man

Virginia's Democratic Senator Harry Flood Byrd, 70, spent most of one afternoon last week at his cluttered desk, writing a statement in painstaking longhand. Writing done, he reread it, handed it to an aide, slipped out of his office with his black cocker spaniel, Happy, frisking at his heels, and took off that night for a Tucson hideaway. What he had written made headlines next morning: after 43 years in public office, Harry Byrd, chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee and the nation's most dedicated fighter for pay-as-you-go fiscal conservatism, had decided not to stand for reelection this year. His reason: he had promised his wife that 1953 would be his last campaign. "Since then," wrote Harry Byrd, "she has suffered a crippling illness and is an invalid; it is our desire to spend our lives together at home in Virginia."

Harry Byrd's pay-as-you-go philosophy was personal as well as political; from boyhood, he paid as he went. Although he belonged to the eighth generation of one of Virginia's first families,* his fortunes were depleted when, at 15, he took over his father's down-and-out Winchester *Star*, worked part-time as a telephone operator to buy newsprint—which he paid for on a day-to-day basis. The paper prospered and, with its earnings, Byrd leased an apple orchard. He now owns about 7,000 acres and is the world's largest individual apple grower.

Elected to the state senate in 1915, Harry Byrd led a bitter fight for pay-as-you-go road building as against bond financing, won in a referendum, carried on his model highway program after his election as governor in 1925. Governor Byrd pushed through a tough antilynch law, streamlined the state constitution. In the fight for adoption of his changes, he built the famed Virginia Democratic political organization that stands today as one of the nation's oldest and most successful—and Harry Byrd will continue to run it after his Senate retirement.

Longtime Break. In his days in Richmond, Byrd was described as Virginia's "most liberal governor since Thomas Jefferson." Harry Byrd did not change; times did, beginning in 1933.

That year Byrd was appointed to the Senate, replacing Claude Swanson, who had been named Navy Secretary by Franklin Roosevelt. One of Byrd's first Senate votes was cast for Roosevelt's one

attempt to carry out his campaign pledge for economy: a half billion cut in federal spending, mostly in veteran's benefits. But with NRA and its \$3 billion relief provision, Byrd broke with Roosevelt—and stayed broken, both with F.D.R. and his successor, Harry Truman, who once snapped that there were "too many Byrds in the Senate."

In hopes that a Republican Administration would follow his ideas of fiscal soundness, Harry Byrd lent his tacit support to Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, helped the Administration defeat politically inspired, Democratic tax cuts in 1954 and 1955. In a sense, his lifelong fight was a failure. When he went to the Senate, the U.S. was spending at an annual rate of \$3.9 billion, its public debt was \$32.5 billion, and there were 580,000 federal civilian employees. As he prepares to leave the Senate, the U.S. is spending \$73 billion a year, its public debt is about \$275 billion, and



VIRGINIA'S BYRD
Times changed, but he did not.

there are 2,300,000 civilian employees. And no one, not even Harry Byrd, can place an exact dollar sign on the amount that would have been spent had he not been around to stop it.

Final Irony. Some pundits attributed Harry Byrd's retirement to disappointment in his spending struggle, others to disillusionment with the Eisenhower Administration after Little Rock, which Segregationist Byrd resented bitterly. In fact, Byrd's reason was exactly what he said it was: his wife, Anne Douglas Beverley Byrd, has suffered heart attacks ever since Byrd was governor, about 18 months ago was paralyzed by a stroke. Insisting on staying with her husband, she traveled regularly between Rosemont, their Shenandoah Valley home, and their Washington apartment in an ambulance. When he ran in 1952, Byrd quietly promised her that it would be his last campaign.

Even in his retirement, there was a final irony: if the Democrats control the Sen-

ate next year, Byrd's successor as Finance Committee chairman will be Oklahoma Millionaire Oilman Robert Kerr, who stands for all the funny-money, pay-never theories that Harry Byrd so hated.

MICHIGAN

Hart's Desire

While Michigan's bow-tied Governor G. (for Gerhard) Mennen Williams flitted around the U.S. adding polish to his presidential sheen, the man who minded the store for him over the last three years was polished, personable Lieutenant Governor Philip A. Hart. Last week 45-year-old Phil Hart allowed that his turn had come to leave Michigan to get a new sheen of his own. Summoning newsmen to his Lansing office, Hart announced that he would be the Williams-backed Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate seat held by Republican Charles E. Potter.

In Phil Hart, ensygoing Charlie Potter will discover a serious threat to second-term ambitions. Pennsylvania-born Hart is, like Potter, a wounded World War II veteran; he was hit by D-day mortar fire on Utah Beach. Lawyer Hart has eight photogenic children and an attractive, politically savvy wife, Jane Briggs Hart pilots her own Beechcraft Bonanza, flies her husband around Michigan at campaign time, has money enough as the daughter of the late Walter O. Briggs (auto bodies, the Detroit Tigers) to afford the airplane and the campaigns.

Socialite Hart's desire to slide into Charlie Potter's Senate seat was a sure sign not only of his own political ambition but of "Soapy" Williams' state of mind as well. Aware that the U.S. Senate is reputedly a graveyard for presidential hopefuls, Soapy evidently had decided that an unprecedented sixth term as governor of Michigan would make a more promising jumping-off point.

CITIES

Philadelphia's New Problem

Despite the ribbing to which the stolid old (276 years) city has been subjected for decades, Philadelphia (pop. 2,200,000) has much in common with other big U.S. cities: it is badly in need of a face-lifting. And more than most other cities, Philadelphia is up to its lorgnette in change. The sound of Philadelphia's mighty billion-dollar rebuilding program this week was clanging merrily from cobblestoned Society Hill to Germantown.

But, like many another city, Philadelphia in its ambitious urban-renewal program (e.g., rehabilitation of downtown shops, banks, hotels; 14-acre Penn Center replacing the dowdy Broad St. railroad station) is faced with a shaky question mark that cannot be erased with just so many tons of steel and concrete. It is a human problem: more and more of Philadelphia's white families are moving out of the city, leaving behind a growing population of low-income Negro families. And the problem of balancing the population becomes more and more difficult because the Negroes are blocked from

* William Byrd I (the Byrds number them like kings) changed the family name from Bird, came to Virginia from England in 1672, prospered as a tobacco planter, slave dealer, importer and exporter, built "Belvidere" (now part of Richmond), became president of the Colonial Council, William Byrd II (1674-1744) acquired 175,000 acres overlooking the James River near Williamsburg, built "Westover"; William III's 15 children managed to lose Westover; Harry's father, Richard Evelyn Byrd (1860-1925), was raised in Winchester, was speaker of the Virginia house of delegates, and a U.S. District Attorney. Harry's brother, the late Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, was the first man to fly to the North and South Poles.

moving to the suburbs by a growing collar of whites-only communities that Democratic Mayor Richardson P. Dilworth, 59, calls a "white noose."

The Toll. Slim, outspoken* Dick Dilworth, combat veteran of both world wars, Yaleman and longtime political partner of his City Hall predecessor, Joe Clark (who is now a U.S. Senator), has civic, religious and political organizations, as well as an officeful of assistants, looking for the answers to the problem. "The white noose," says Housing Coordinator William Rafsky, "is disadvantageous to everyone. Apart from being morally wrong, segregation takes a tremendous economic toll."

Philadelphia's Negro population numbers about 490,000, with new immigrants—mostly from the South and 60% unskilled workers—coming in at the rate of 600 a month. Most of the Negroes are concentrated in the central sector of the city, dubbed "the jungle." There, dismal lines of grimy, red brick row houses huddle bleakly behind paneless or paper-covered windows, and tenants must sometimes use ladders in place of stairways, outhouses instead of running-water toilets. With the jungle overcrowded, other immigrants fan out into other areas in the city. Some well-off families manage to slip into fine old neighborhoods like Germantown, where they keep well-run homes. But the net effect of the migration is to create new ghettos, drop real-estate values, drain tax revenues, lift the crime rate,† and overburden public schools (18 are all-Negro; in 50, Negroes comprise from 50% to 90% of the student bodies). "There are 60,000 units housing 300,000 people today," says Mayor Dilworth, "that are unfit for human habitation."

The Density. Why not tear down the slums and simply replace them with public housing units? Says Dilworth: "Already, 60% of public housing is located in the Negro slum areas. It would take \$800 million to rip out the Philadelphia slums. You'd reduce the density by one-half, and you'd have no place to put the rest of the people." Adds Bill Rafsky: "As soon as we displace the Negroes, we run up against discrimination in housing." Example: South Philadelphia, where the big Italian



communities are fighting Negro inroads.

The Negroes also vote—and in this respect, says a member of Philadelphia's Commission on Human Relations, "the danger is that it may be to the advantage of politically shrewd Negroes and white politicians to keep the Negro segregated, and to use him as a balance of power."

The Plan. Dick Dilworth is rated as the Negro's good friend (30% of City Hall employees are Negroes). But he has an unorthodox answer to the city's problem: more segregation. His plan: induce

white families in the city to stay put in their neighborhoods, urge white suburban families to move back to the city. (He has built his own \$164,000 home in what formerly was a run-down area.)

"What we're doing now," he says, "is deliberately making non-Negro apartments for older whites, pricing them out of the Negro range. We're designing the Eastwick project [2,500 acres, 12,000 units, in southwestern Philadelphia] the same way. We hope that no more than 10% of Eastwick will be Negro. We have to give the whites confidence that they can live in town without being flooded." Dilworth is against an anti-discrimination ordinance for the city, since he believes that it would only serve to panic the whites all the more.

Another way to fray the noose, says Dilworth, is to encourage more Negro movement into the white suburbs. Once, when a Negro family in suburban Levittown was hounded by white neighbors (TIME, Oct. 7), Dilworth gave his full approval to Quaker groups who were helping the besieged family with food and moral support ("If we lost that one," says he, "we would never again be able to get another foothold there"). He also admits that "we're mighty anxious to get Negroes into the Main Line. We'd be happy to finance a house for somebody."

If he can eliminate the slums, lure back the whites and break the white noose, Dilworth will be the first mayor to solve an urban problem vexing most major northern cities. Philadelphia Negroes are fully behind him. All he needs now is a good, heavy concentration of similarly dedicated whites. Says Dick Dilworth: "It's damned serious."



FREDERICK A. MEYER
MAYOR DILWORTH
Through segregation, integration.

* Mayor Dilworth outspoke himself from Pennsylvania's 1928 governor's race last week by publicly advocating U.S. recognition of Communist China ("After all," he told a women's Democratic club in Washington, "Communist China is China itself"). With that scarcely opportune statement, Dilworth instantly found himself besieged by 1) Philadelphia's strong Democratic machine—led by Congressman William J. Green Jr. and City Democratic Leader James Clark—which had been fighting to keep the mayor from announcing for the governor's race, and 2) Pittsburgh's mayor and Democratic Kingmaker David Lawrence, a longtime Dilworth supporter but strictly a hands-off-Red-China hand. At week's end, Dick Dilworth cleared his throat and declared that he does not care to leave Philadelphia, might even want to run again for mayor come 1959.

† Most Northern cities do not keep records of Negro v. white convictions, but as in New York City, where 35% of the crime rate is charged to Negroes, the rate in Philadelphia is disproportionately high.

FOREIGN NEWS

TUNISIA

The Accused

Composed and carefully groomed, Premier Félix Gaillard rose from his front-row chair in France's National Assembly last week and assured his countrymen that the bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef constituted a display of "exemplary patience." By the time Gaillard spoke, dozens of foreign diplomats and journalists had visited Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef and

the streets of Tunis, he was greeted by outraged crowds shouting, "Give us arms! Give us arms!" *L'Action*, official organ of Bourguiba's Neo-Destour Party, editorialized: "To be respected in 1958 one can no longer be a friend of the West. The day that Bourguiba decides to follow the path set by Nehru, Tito and Nasser, Tunisia will no longer be lied about and attacked. She will be wooed." Cooed Beirut's *El Massa*: "Turn to Cairo, O Habib. Turn to the Arab Republic, to the camp

vessels. At other bases, food supplies were shut off. When a French diplomat formally requested permission to revictual the garrison, Vice Premier Bahi Ladgham told him coldly: "Leave Tunisia and you can find all the food you need." Should the French try to force their way in or out of the bases, warned Bourguiba, "it will mean war." Breathing defiance, he took to the radio to proclaim: "Today I am the President of the Republic, but I will be the first to join the Maquis." Typically, he added in the next breath: "Tunisia is always ready to turn the page."

... And Our Sacred Interests. Bourguiba, whose ill-equipped army of 6,200 men could not conceivably stand up to a serious French attack, was taking a major gamble. "I have promised the Tunisian people that the French army will go," said he. "If I fail, I will be swept away." Clearly, any successor in such circumstances would be far more hostile to France and the West.

The French press all but forgot the bombing in their outrage at Bourguiba's move. Foreign Minister Christian Pineau announced that France had offered to negotiate withdrawal of her forces from Tunisia, but only if Bourguiba ceased his "pressure and provocation." Declared Pineau grandiloquently: "France intends to defend her interests, and the Tunisian government must understand their sacred character." To offset Bourguiba's U.N. appeal, Pineau lodged a countercomplaint with the Security Council, charging, accurately enough, that Tunisia had permitted Algerian rebels to operate from Tunisian soil. Said Pineau: "We are the accusers."

Second Thoughts. All week long France's allies worked feverishly to find a solution that would save face all around. In New York members of Britain's U.N. delegation scurried about trying to drum up support for a demilitarized Tunisian-Algerian border patrolled by a force similar to the UNEF in Gaza. One obvious objection to this scheme: it would severely handicap the Algerian rebels by depriving them of their privileged sanctuary and would thereby damage Bourguiba's prestige with his countrymen, the bulk of whom ardently support the rebel cause. In Paris U.N. Ambassador Amory Houghton urged moderation on Félix Gaillard, and in Tunis Ambassador Lewis Jones did the same with Bourguiba. At week's end Secretary John Foster Dulles, who had summoned French Ambassador Hervé Alphand to his home the day after the Sakiet bombing, prepared to interrupt a long-planned vacation to take personal charge of U.S. efforts to ease the crisis.

Slowly tempers cooled. In Tunisia, Habib Bourguiba relaxed his blockade of French bases enough to permit the entry of civilian trucks carrying food. In Paris, too, there were second thoughts. From the start Foreign Minister Pineau had



A CASUALTY OF FRENCH BOMBS AT SAKIET

In the broken bodies of children, evidence of a nation's weakness.

confirmed Tunisian reports that a high percentage of the 209 casualties (79 dead, 130 wounded) inflicted by the French air force were women and children. Blandly ignoring these facts, Gaillard insisted that "the majority of the victims were soldiers of the Algerian F.L.N." and that, in any case, responsibility for the attack must be laid at the door of Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba for allowing Algerian rebel forces to use Sakiet as a base of operations. "It is evident," ended Gaillard coolly, "that the French government does not recognize culpability in this affair."

Even in France's myopically nationalistic Assembly, there were a few men who found this hard to swallow. But when the most notable of the dissenters, ex-Premier Pierre Mendès-France, rose to speak, he was showered with right-wing catcalls of "Jew" and "traitor." In the end the duly elected representatives of the French people approved the bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef by a vote of 339 to 179. Of the 179 nays, all but 31 came from Communists or fellow travelers.

A Leader for the Parade. France's intransigence put pro-Western Habib Bourguiba squarely on the spot. Appearing in

of neutralism and to dignity and sovereignty."

A politician with a barometric response to popular mood, shrewd Habib Bourguiba recognized that his only hope of heading off a national swing to neutralism lay in putting himself at the head of the anti-French parade. Bourguiba ordered 400 French civilians out of the Tunisian-Algerian border area "for security reasons," demanded that France close five of her ten consulates in Tunisia, directed his U.N. delegation to request an immediate Security Council debate on the Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef bombing. In his most drastic move he also demanded immediate withdrawal of the 22,000 troops that France has been permitted to leave in Tunisia even after the establishment of full Tunisian independence in 1956.

Moving enthusiastically to enforce Bourguiba's order confining all French soldiers to barracks, Tunisian National Guardsmen threw up roadblocks, and armed civilians dug slit trenches around France's ten Tunisian bases. Three men set up a machine gun at the canal at the entrance to the great naval base of Bizerte to bar the entrance of further French



Pierre Boulat

BOURGUIBA & ADMIRERS

"I hate colonialism, not the French."

been privately dismayed by the attack on Sakiet. (When U.S. Columnist Joseph Alsop quoted him as calling the bombing "a sad error," Pineau at first flatly denied the quote, then admitted, "I may have said a few imprudent words" which Alsop had "distorted.")

Under sharp questioning from the National Assembly's Foreign Affairs Committee, Pineau finally admitted that neither the Cabinet nor Robert Lacoste, France's Minister Resident in Algeria, had known in advance of the decision to attack Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef. Neither, apparently, had General Raoul Salan, the luckless Indo-China veteran who commands French forces in Algeria. The murderous blow that earned France worldwide obloquy had been ordered by a local air force officer, reportedly a colonel, on the strength of an imprecise government directive authorizing retaliatory attack on Algerian rebel concentrations in the immediate frontier areas bordering on Tunisia.

Away from the Ring. At week's end Félix Gaillard's government made a first gesture toward conciliation. Though it refused to match Bourguiba's offer to accept U.S. mediation—this, the French fear, would open the way to international "interference" in the Algerian rebellion—the Gaillard government announced that it was now willing to accept "the good offices" of the U.S. in settling the dispute. Even more important psychologically, Gaillard and his Cabinet tacitly admitted France's guilt at Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef by offering to pay damages to civilian victims of the bombing.

MIDDLE EAST

To Bring Forth a New Union

To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, wrote Sir Isaac Newton in his third law of motion. He might also have been describing a political law for the Middle East. Last week, only days after Gamal Abdel Nasser had announced

the union of Egypt and Syria in a new United Arab Republic, the Kings of Jordan and Iraq reacted by proclaiming a union of their two nations in a rival Arab Federation.

Chief engineer was Jordan's doughty young (22) King Hussein. As he well knew, the Palestinian Arabs and refugees who comprise two-thirds of his 1,500,000 subjects were most susceptible of all the Middle East's Arabs to Nasser's new appeal to the ancient dream of Arab unity. Urgently, Hussein called on Saudi Arabia's King Saud and his cousin King Feisal of Iraq, to confer on a new union. Saud held aloof, but Feisal came.

Early last week Feisal arrived in Amman with a planeload of aides. The negotiators deadlocked in shouting dissension over Iraq's membership in the Baghdad Pact. Hussein's men said their Palestinians would riot rather than be party to a pact that Nasser's propaganda labels a symbol of Western imperialism, and that Saud would never join them unless Iraq pulled out of the pact.

The solution that satisfied everybody was to borrow the United Arab Repub-

lic's formula that international agreements signed by either Egypt or Syria would remain binding on whichever country had signed them. Under this formula, Iraq could stick by its Baghdad Pact commitment until August 1959, when the treaty provides that all members may reconsider their membership.

"Happiest Moment." With this obstacle to unity neatly bypassed, Iraq's pouchy-eyed Crown Prince Abdul Illah flew to Amman to make the clinching decisions for his nephew, King Feisal. But another deadlock still loomed. Hussein's negotiators battled doggedly to get their master equal turns with Feisal as head of state. At 4 a.m. King Hussein, who needed federation far more than his oil-rich cousin, rose and announced that he would defer to Feisal as head of state. Hussein went into a stenographer's office to supervise typing of the final draft. At 7:45 a.m. 22 negotiators crowded round a table in the main hall of King Hussein's palace and signed a twelve-point federation agreement bound in the red, green, black and white colors of Jordan and Iraq. "This is one of the happiest moments of my life,"

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Caught in history's spotlight, between his outraged people and their Algerian neighbors, and the bumbling, unpredictable government of France's Fourth Republic: Habib Bourguiba, first President of the new Republic of Tunisia.

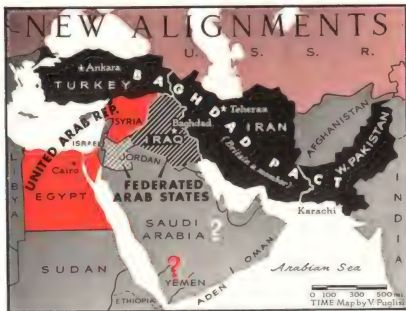
Early Life. Born Aug. 3, 1903, and reared in the ancient Carthaginian fishing port of Monastir, youngest of eight, grandson of an Arab nationalist who was a leader in a 19th century revolt against oppressive taxes. Educated at French lycées in Tunis, the Faculty of Law and School of Political Science in Paris (where he read Victor Hugo and argued about the Rights of Man). Married Mathilde Lorrain, a Frenchwoman he met in Paris. They have one son, Habib Jr., now Tunisia's Ambassador to Italy.

Career. Began practicing law in Tunis in 1927, went into politics in 1930 as a fiery nationalist and organized his mass-based Neo-Destour Party through cells in 700 cities and villages. For the next 25 years, eleven of which he spent in jail or confinement, he kept saying: "Tunisia wants evolutionary emancipation, preferably with France's help." He returned triumphantly from exile in France when France granted internal autonomy in 1955, became Premier at independence a year later, assumed the presidency when Tunisia proclaimed itself a republic last July.

Personal Traits. A small, darting man with jutting jaw and deep blue eyes, he guards his health (he had a three-year bout with tuberculosis as a youth) by riding horseback often, spending each weekend at the house he

was born in, to which he has added a top story and a green-tiled bath. A dynamic orator with a superb rabble-raising style, he talks to his people nowadays in weekly radio chats, using simple Arabic and vivid images. He dislikes administrative responsibility and paper work, loves parties and the theater, seldom dines with fewer than 20. A light eater and sleeper, he lives for the cut and thrust of politics, admits, "I am a political animal." He still keeps up his wide contacts with more progressive French politicians in Paris; he is a friend and admirer of Pierre Mendès-France, who as Premier of France in 1954 started Tunisia on the road to sovereignty. Says Habib Bourguiba: "I hate colonialism, not the French."

Politics. He has overhauled Tunisia's law code, abolished polygamy, and pushed the secularization of the state, but he has not come effectively to grips with his little country's economic problems, which include 400,000 unemployed in a population of 3,800,000. His overriding concern is to get the Algerian problem settled while preserving Tunisian independence from France. "Basically and profoundly," he says, "we are with the West." He still hopes to see "our Algerian brothers" free and joined with Tunisia and Morocco in a North African federation backed by France and the U.S.



cried Feisal, and embraced his cousin. The royal federation is to be much looser than Nasser's republic. The two monarchs are to keep their individual thrones and sovereign titles. The federation, to be organized within 90 days, is to have one flag, one army, one foreign policy, one foreign service. Both nations will keep their own legislatures. A combined federal legislature will be set up to deal with federal policies, in which Jordan and Iraq will have equal representation. It will sit half the time in Baghdad, half the time in Amman. Though Feisal is designated head of state, "the question of the head of state will be reviewed" if any other state joins the federation. This is a big hint that it is not too late for King Saud to line up with his fellow sovereigns. At week's end Amman reported that the oil-rich Persian Gulf sheiks of Kuwait and Bahrain were "considering" joining too.

"More Natural Union." There was none of the wild display of popular joy in Jordan last week that followed the unity proclamation in Cairo and Damascus. Yet, said an Iraqi leader: "This is the more natural union." Iraq and Jordan go together geographically, historically, and even—because Iraq has the oil wealth and the living space to absorb Jordan's refugees—economically.

The federation will have only 7,000,000 citizens, v. the United Arab Republic's 28 million, but it will be far richer. The practical difficulties of merging the competing economies of essentially healthy Syria and impoverished Egypt are great. Alarmed by the precipitous flight of capital from Syria since the merger was announced, Nasser himself talked last week of an "interim" period that "might be one year or ten years."

The first to hail the new federation was the very man whose appeal it was formed to oppose. Egypt's Nasser fired off a congratulatory message to Feisal expressing the hope that the union of Iraq and Jor-

dan would hasten the day of "great unity"—at the same time that his propagandists were denouncing the whole thing as "a new farce" engineered by "the same traditional feudal opportunists who have nothing in common with Arab nationalism and Arab aspiration."

New Rivalry. Inevitably, the two new unions had set up a rivalry in the Middle East that the world could not avoid. Both would need aid to survive. The two members of the United Arab Republic have been Soviet clients. Jordan and Iraq are oriented to the West. Both were bidding for support of the Arab world, for themselves, and, inescapably, for their patrons.

To advance that bid, Iraq may still consider withdrawal from the Baghdad Pact. As the northern tier of states united

to resist Soviet pressure, the pact has always been viable; it would lose little military cohesion if Iraq withdrew. In its second purpose—organizing the Arab Middle East—the pact has been a failure: far from lining up the Arabs, it has isolated Iraq, the sole Arab member, under a cloud of nationalist distrust.

Freed of the charge of association with what Nasser calls an "imperialist" pact, the new federation could become a rallying point for all Arabs. Wrote Beirut's *L'Orient*: "The question to examine is whether Iraq can better cooperate with the West inside the pact or by liberating herself from ties which handicap her action in the field of Arabs."

GREAT BRITAIN

Prime Minister's Return

Back from a 32,000-mile, six-week swing through the farthest reaches of the Commonwealth, Harold Macmillan felt a "sense of exhilaration and renewed faith" in the strength of Britain's empire ties. The Commonwealth had seen an unexpectedly relaxed and genial Macmillan. Fresh from a rousing reception in India, he landed at Karachi in Pakistan (in a Britannia turboprop airliner nicknamed "The Flying No. 10") to be greeted by cheering thousands, detoured 700 miles north to the North-West Frontier mountains never before visited by a British Prime Minister.

At Khyber Pass tribal leaders draped garlands around Macmillan's neck, gave him the traditional Pathan tribesman's greeting: "Welcome; come in peace." In Ceylon, which has been busily ejecting Britain from its old military bases, even Macmillan was amazed at the warmth of his welcome from crowds that lined the streets as he passed, between speeches in Australia, the visitor shed his necktie and distributed the steaks in person at a Queensland sheep-station barbecue. In Melbourne he went out of his way to shake hands with policemen, housewives, schoolchildren and members of his honor guard. "A triumph," cried London's *Spectator*. "He is not known to have put a foot wrong, to have hurt any feelings, or to have dropped any bricks." The *Economist* spoke admiringly of "the new, uninhibited Macmillan."

Shock at Home. But Harold Macmillan stepped off the plane at London Airport to face jolting news. For weeks the country had been watching the Lancashire textile center of Rochdale, where a crucial by-election campaign was being waged to fill the seat left vacant by the death of Tory M.P. Lieut. Colonel Wentworth Schofield. Contesting the seat again for Labor was 47-year-old Jack McCann, a local diesel-engine fitter, who was handily defeated by Schofield in the last general election. A sturdy, 41-year-old real-estate agent from nearby Burnley named John Parkinson was to hold Rochdale for the Tories. The unexpected element in the race: Britain's long-dormant Liberals, who decided to enter the lists with a candidate of their own. He was Ludovic Kennedy,



FEISAL & HUSSEIN
A more natural union.

RED CHALLENGE ON THE GROUND

IN the worldwide alarm over Soviet long-range missiles, scant attention was paid to the U.S. Army's warning that Russia has made startling progress in the development and production of conventional weapons. Last week, with its Explorer triumphantly orbiting, the Army found a readier audience for its down-to-earth worries. The Army's argument, if it is to meet the Soviet challenge on the ground, it needs more and newer hardware.

Films of new Soviet weapons paraded in Moscow last November shook a cherished tenet of Western military men: that what the West's forces lacked in quantity, they made up in quality of weaponry. Army Chief of Staff General Maxwell D. Taylor warned in early winter that the Soviet army is equipped with tactical rockets and missiles "to which we have no response." While the U.S. has much first-rate equipment under development, Russia has it in the field. Declared U.S. Deputy Defense Secretary Donald A. Quarles: "Let us concede them [the Soviets] general superiority in their present ground-force equipment."

From the display in Red Square and intelligence reports come these minimum estimates of Russian equipment:

Tanks: The Soviets have equipped all major combat units with the diesel-powered, 53-ton T-54, which has a range of 250 miles, cruises at 30 m.p.h., carries a 100-mm. gun. U.S. officials concede that the T-54 is superior to its closest U.S. equivalent—the M-48 Patton (49 tons, range 90 miles, high-velocity 90-mm. gun)—but they believe the T-54 may prove too heavy for effective use, are themselves looking for a fast new 30-ton tank. In the Moscow parade the Soviets also showed an antiaircraft tank, as big and mobile as the T-54, mounting twin 57-mm. flak guns. The U.S. has no antiaircraft tanks.

Troop Carriers: The Soviets have an amphibious, caterpillar-tracked vehicle that is or soon will be in mass production. The U.S. has only a few such armored troop carriers; its allies virtually none.

Artillery: A new Soviet 203-mm. gun-howitzer can be emplaced for firing within minutes (compared to 36 hours for the World War II version), throws a conventional or nuclear shell 15 miles. The U.S. 8-in. howitzer is comparable but less mobile. The Russians boast a 240-mm. breech-loading mortar that doubles as an infantry and short-range



RUSSIAN TACTICAL ROCKET IN RED SQUARE

artillery weapon. While its value in modern warfare is questionable, the U.S. has no counterpart.

Short-Range Missiles: Soviet short-range missiles are solid-fueled, therefore can be fired more quickly than such liquid-fueled missiles as the U.S. Corporal. The Russians have mounted rocket launchers on vehicles with caterpillar tracks. In Red Square they showed a launcher for rockets 12 in. in diameter, mounted on a tanklike chassis. U.S. ground-support missiles are carried on wheeled trucks.

Transport: The Soviets are producing a large twin-rotor helicopter called "The Horse," which can lift 40 soldiers or 10,000 lbs. at a speed of 140 m.p.h. Ready for production is the gas-turbine MI-6 ("The Hook"), which will carry twice the load of The Horse. U.S. Army experts say they have nothing to match either of these Soviet choppers.

Small Arms: Soviet infantrymen have been equipped with a new rifle, submachine gun and light machine gun, all newly developed (1950), all firing a standard 7.62 short round. The Soviets' 83-lb. rifle is a semi-automatic carbine, gas-operated, with a ten-round magazine. The U.S. M-14 rifle (14.1 lbs., semi- or fully automatic, 20 rounds) is effective, but only 8,000 have been turned out—the average G.I. still carries the Garand designed in 1936. With more than enough of the new small rifles for itself, Russia has already shipped some of its new rifles to Egypt and Syria.

Design: The Russian weapons are generally simpler in design and more mobile. For too long the West believed that the Soviets made simple weapons because they were too unsophisticated to make complex ones. Now the West realizes that the simplicity bespeaks a high state of engineering skill.

None of these weapons would figure decisively in a war of nuclear powers. (Only last week, in its annual White Paper on defense, Britain warned that if the Russians launched an attack on Western Europe, "even with conventional forces only," the West would retaliate with strategic nuclear weapons.) Since the threat of mutual destruction reduces the chance of such an all-out war, the U.S. Army argues that the real danger may be a series of "nibbling wars," in which the Russians might not fight themselves, but would furnish arms for others to use. For nibbling warfare, the relative quantity and quality of ground equipment might still be decisive. Concludes the U.S. Army *Information Digest*: "The Soviet army is the only major force in the world today that has a completely new postwar arsenal of weapons, in being, in the hands of trained troops, capable of fighting either a nuclear or a non-nuclear war, big or small, in any kind of climate or terrain."



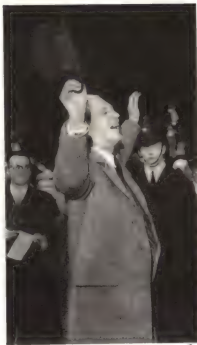
SELF-PROPELLED ROCKET LAUNCHERS

38. Eton and Oxford, lecturer on current affairs and latterly a widely known television commentator. Kennedy cut a wide swathe through Rochdale, helped mightily by a glamorous fellow campaigner, his ballerina wife Moira Shearer.

When the votes were counted, Labor's McCann, with 22,133 votes, had won, and, to the nation's astonishment, the Liberals' Kennedy had swept into No. 2 place with 17,603 votes, leaving Tory Parkinson a bad third with a paltry 9,827. Never in living memory had a government candidate been so humiliatingly battered to the bottom of the poll.

In the House of Commons next day, Laborites greeted the government with shouts: "Resign! Resign!" Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell taunted: "In view of the catastrophe which has overtaken the party opposite, and the decline in the Conservative vote from over 50% to under 20% of the electors, does not the right honorable gentleman think it desirable that the business for next week should be scrapped and Parliament dissolved immediately?"

Mass Desertion. The Liberals were jubilant. But their success was clearly attributable more to the personality of their candidate and his chief campaigner than to the persuasiveness of their policies. More significant was the fact that, while Labor voters had stuck to their candidate, Tories had felt so little attachment to their party that they deserted it in droves to vote for Kennedy. Commenting on this "mass defection," the *London Times* said: "To the ordinary voter, the government do not appear to have the strength, efficiency and cohesion which inspire confidence." One Rochdale cotton worker put



HAROLD MACMILLAN
Jolted.

it more directly: "Ah'm agin the government—they put up me rent, they put up me bus fares, they put up me mother's rent and even cut dahn the baccy allowance ter the old-age pensioners. That was cruel, proper cruel. And they seem just about as daft wherever they go. Mind you, that not ter say ah'm Labor—they Socialists want ter nationalize the mill. Anyway, you don't ave ter vote for either of 'em. It's 'andy lahke, 'aving the Liberal."

But the Conservatives had no intention of agreeing to an election before the present Parliament's term runs out in 1960. "If we're going to take a rubbing, we may as well put it off for 18 months," said one Tory M.P. By then, Harold Macmillan's long-term policies against inflation may have begun to pay off. At London Airport, the Prime Minister greeted Gaitskell's demands for his resignation with a chuckle. "I have heard leaders of the Opposition say that before. I remember having said it myself, in the past. It is common form. Remember, in war or politics, a single engagement does not settle a whole campaign."

Babe in the Wood

In these leveling times when British professional men clip their own boxwood and their wives push their own prams, London exhibits no district more decorous and decorative than St. John's Wood. But in Queen Victoria's gilded reign a century ago, this first of the city's garden suburbs had another reputation. Then noble Britons liked to steal away from their confining Mayfair mansions and visit leafy little hideaways in St. John's Wood. There George IV and Napoleon III kept

their well-hidden mistresses: beauteous Lily Langtry waited for Edward VII at 20 Wellington Road; many less famous women lived in well-kept seclusion with nothing to do but listen for the diurnal rumble of their lovers' carriage wheels as their carriages turned into the gravel drives. When Novelist George Eliot, famed for her indifference to marriage vows, went to live there, the Countess of Cork snapped: "Of course, poor dear. Where else could she go?"

With a mixture of incredulity and nostalgic delight, Britons learned last week that staid St. John's Wood had sustained and harbored a liaison of Edwardian style right into the welfare-state era. In a London court, one Jacqueline Gray, a 41-year-old onetime model, sued 81-year-old Sir Strati Ralli. Bl. family motto: "Keep to the straight path!" for the return of jewelry worth \$34,000. Miss Gray charged that Sir Strati had taken the jewelry from her to have it insured, and had refused to return it.

Sheepishly, Sir Strati told the court that he had kept Jacqueline as his mistress for 16 years, tucking her away in an \$84,000 Georgian house in St. John's Wood, with her mother as chaperone. When he called (always at noontime), Jacqueline sent her mother to the movies. Three years ago he found himself "getting a bit frail" and tried to break off the liaison. Jacqueline objected; there were telephone calls, and a somewhat ruffled Sir Strati had to confess to his wife to prevent Jacqueline's turning up while a birthday party for his grandchildren was in progress.

Sir Strati stoutly denied having given Jacqueline jewelry: "Why should I? I



JACQUELINE GRAY
Jilted.



SIR STRATI RALLI
Jeweled.



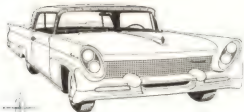
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Seagram's Golden Gin the world's Perfect Gin

never visited her in the evening, and you don't wear jewelry like that in the daytime." The judge was sympathetic: "An allowance of £40 a week taxfree, with other bills paid," he observed, "does not sound like a very mean allowance for the casual interviews they had. Miss Gray received £38,000 over the years, a fortune in itself."

The jury not only ruled for Sir Strati, but, applying the newfangled idea of equal rights for women before the law in an old-fashioned way, callously ordered Sir Strati's ex-mistress to pay costs.

The Lords & Ladies

When the question of reform of the House of Lords came up for debate four months ago, no aspect of it shocked the peers more than the proposal to admit women to the august Upper House. "The main point is that many of us do not want women in this House!" roared the 83-year-old Earl of Glasgow. "We do not want to sit beside them on these benches. We do not want to meet them in the library. This is a House of men, a House of Lords. We do not wish it to become a House of Lords and Ladies." More gallantly, the Earl of Home suggested that "taking women into parliamentary embrace would seem to be only a modest extension of the normal functions and privileges of a peer."

Headless of some of the Lords' qualms, the government pushed ahead with its plan to modernize the Upper House with legislation that shattered the traditional hereditary principle by providing lifetime peerages for both men and women. In Commons last week, Laborites attacked the bill with gibes and merriment, deplored any attempt at reforming the House of Lords on the ground that it should be abolished entirely. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, young (33) Laborite heir of Lord Stansgate, has long been trying to divest himself of an inheritance that will blight his political career by forcing him to leave the House of Commons. As his father listened in the gallery, he pointed out that the title descends to "heirs male of his body lawfully begotten," complained: "I am the victim of my father's virtue."

Irrepressible Nye Bevan concluded for the opposition. Noting that one impassioned Tory defender of heredity had cited Bevan's own respect for the "science of breeding" in raising pigs on his Buckinghamshire farm, Nye gleefully commented: "I must say that I thought that was an inelegant metaphor. I should never have thought of using it myself. I am not quite certain what the test is to be, in pig breeding, it is length and leanness. If we are to make the [tests] on biological grounds, we ought to have the members of another place [the Commons' phrase for the House of Lords] paraded before us, so that we can examine them . . ."

The Tory majority was not to be deterred, and the House of Commons approved, 305-251, the bill's crucial second reading. By midsummer the House of Lords should have its first ladies—and its first lords-for-life-only.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA'S TODD
Zeal led out.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA "Sad Day"

In five years as Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Garfield Todd became a symbol and something of a saint to the 2,220,000 Africans who comprise 92% of the population. More than any other white leader in the Central African Federation (the united British territories of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland), Todd fought to advance the rights of black men. He tried to give the vote to more Africans, to increase Africans' wages. But in his zeal for racial "partnership," Garfield Todd, longtime Churches of Christ (Disciples) missionary, gradually antagonized more and more



INDONESIA'S SJAFRUDDIN
Reluctance led in.

of Southern Rhodesia's 175,800 whites. Last month his own Cabinet resigned in protest and demanded that Todd himself quit (TIME, Jan. 27). Africans warned it would be a "sad day" if Todd went. Last week the sad day had come: Todd had been ousted as leader of the Southern Rhodesian division of the United Federal Party, forcing his resignation as Prime Minister.

In up-to-date Salisbury (pop. 190,700), Southern Rhodesia's capital, during a tense congress of the party that ground on for eleven hours, Todd's critics put their case: in the elections scheduled later this year, Todd would be a liability in the battle against the white-supremacy Dominion Party. For 1½ hours Todd spoke in his own defense, and on the first ballot to determine a party leader, Todd topped the poll. The leader of the reactionary faction, Sir Patrick Fletcher, was eliminated from the race. But on the next ballot Todd mustered only 120 votes to 103 for a compromise candidate, Sir Edgar Whitehead, 53, the Federation's minister in Washington.

A shy bachelor farmer and former Finance Minister with an IBM-like memory, Whitehead was hailed by the party's moderates as a sounder man, whose advocacy of racial partnership was hard-headedly based on economic necessity rather than evangelizing zeal. The Africans were not reassured. Declared George Nyandoro, secretary-general of the African National Congress in Southern Rhodesia: "Whitehead is a status quo man. A government led by Whitehead would only make concessions when concessions were forced upon it. The Africans will have to do the forcing."

The one man who could have saved Todd did not lift a finger on his behalf—Sir Roy Welensky, the burly Prime Minister of the Federation and overall leader of the United Federal Party. Welensky is worried about his party's electoral chances if the opposition tars it with the label of "liberal." He was also determined to leave the Southern Rhodesians to their own struggles. As Whitehead patched together a new Cabinet that included Todd, and neatly balanced the party's opposing factions, Welensky was off on a vacation.

INDONESIA

Challenge & Response

In Padang, at the foot of Sumatra's towering Barisan Mountains, 40,000 troops and civilians gathered on a balmy tropical night last week to hear Lieut. Colonel Ahmad Husein proclaim a "revolutionary government with full sovereignty over all Indonesia." Designated Premier of the new state was Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, ex-Governor of the Bank of Indonesia and a bitter personal enemy of President Sukarno. Cried Sjafruddin: "It is with deep sorrow and sadness that we are compelled to raise the banner of challenge against our own head of state. We have talked and talked. Now we must act."

So the new Republic of Indonesia got



John Domini—LIFE

HATTA Calm amid the storm.

its first major rebellion, and seldom had the world seen such a reluctant one. For months the rebel colonels had debated and threatened. Early last week they issued their oft-promised and oft-postponed ultimatum. It gave Djakarta five days to replace Premier Djunda and his Cabinet by a new government free of Communist influence and headed by moderate ex-Vice President Mohammed Hatta and the popular, middle-of-the-road Sultan of Djokjakarta.

The central government's response was swift: it ordered the dishonorable discharge and immediate arrest of Colonels Hussein, Lubis, Djambek and Simbolon, sent two B-25 bombers over Padang to spray the city with leaflets announcing the colonels' dismissal for "endangering the security of the state."

"Be Our Leader!" In Padang the rebel colonels were unimpressed by Djakarta's maneuvers, and as the week wore on they found some encouragement in reading news reports on Secretary of State Dulles' press conference in Washington.* To 10,000 cheering students, Colonel Ahmad Hussein cried that he was submitting his military rank to the will of the people. Pulling off his epaulets, he flung them into the crowd. With equal sense of theater, the students shouted, "No, no, be our leader!" and several of them hurriedly fastened the insignia back on Hussein's uniform with the cry of "Recommissioned by the people!" Troops and field-grade officers lined up to pledge loyalty to the rebels. As the ultimatum's deadline approached, Padang set about preparing for

the worst. Machine-gun posts were spotted throughout Padang, armored cars patrolled the streets, a heavy guard was thrown about the residence of every colonel.

During the week's uproar, President Sukarno seemed the most relaxed Indonesian. In Tokyo, on the last leg of a jaunt through Asia, he went with his staff to a geisha party at the *Tsukiki No Iye* (House of the Moon) and renewed a fond acquaintance with a pretty, 20-year-old geisha named Keiko Isozaki, whom he had known during World War II in the Japanese-occupied Celebes where she was entertaining the Japanese troops and he was a Japanese supporter. Next day, Sukarno's Imperial Hotel suite had a hospital hush until late in the afternoon. Explained a wan Indonesian aide: "It was a very excellent party, but now I do not feel so well." Geisha Isozaki tripped merrily off to a fashionable shop on the Ginza and bought Sukarno a 24-karat gold ear-cleaner inscribed with his name—the sort of gift that, in Japan, is made only to intimates.

Oil Squeeze. Few guns are likely to be fired in anger between the supporters of Indonesia's rival governments. The armies are small ones—measurable in battalions rather than divisions—and there is no easy way for them to get at each other, since neither side has enough warships or transports to mount an invasion. The rebels have no aircraft at all; the central government has only a few, with perhaps several hundred paratroopers. Java has

more population (53 million, v. Sumatra's 12 million). But Java must import even its food, is already in serious economic difficulties. Sumatra is rich in rubber, tin and coffee, provides some 72% of Indonesia's export revenues, v. Java's 17%. The rebel government made clear that its pressure on Djakarta would be primarily economic. As a beginning, it ordered Sumatra's oil companies (BPM, Stanvac, Caltex) to cease deliveries to Java and halt payment of tax revenues.

Even at this late date, no one seemed eager for a final break. All of the nation's major political parties, except the Communists, offered their services to mediate between rebel Sumatra and the central government. In Djakarta, hundreds of students routed Dr. Mohammed Hatta out of his bed at 3 a.m. to urge that the nation's problems be solved "without bloodshed." Hatta obligingly announced that he would have "no part of any government formed under the pressure of rebel threats," and the Sultan of Djokjakarta took time off from examining model dairy farms at the University of Wisconsin to say mildly that his support was not pledged to either side.

At week's end President Sukarno at last flew in from Tokyo, cheerily told the crowd at the airport that, with God's help, all difficulties would be solved. He might be right, but it was up to him. Even as the rebels appealed for recognition by the world's governments, they insisted that they would be happy to dishand the minute Sukarno accepted their demands.



* Said Dulles, "We would like to see in Indonesia a government which is constitutional. There is a kind of 'guided democracy' trend there, which may not quite consist with the provisional constitution and apparently does not entirely satisfy large segments of the population."

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reducing nicotine content, King Sano also accomplishes substantial reduction in tars. Facts are based on a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists, of filter-tip cigarettes purchased on the open market. 47 millimeters of all cigarettes under test are smoked.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Wanting to celebrate his 38th birthday by getting away from it all, Egypt's blimp-sized ex-King Farouk put on his sunglasses, boarded a 22-seat bus and rolled through the Alps into the tiny principality of Liechtenstein. His fellow riders: his 10-year-old daughter **Princess Feriat**, two bodyguards, a chauffeur, a maid and an anonymous raven-tressed playmate. Explained His Corpulent Majesty: "People think I and my entourage are an ordinary tourist party."

At a banquet for Britain's M.P.s in the House of Commons dining hall, London's top-ranking master barber (the guild boss of hairdressers, perfumers and wigmakers) laid all about him with cutting comments on the hair styles of leading politicians, who often look, cried he, "like corn crakes [a short-billed rail] in a gale!" Of Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan** (see FOREIGN NEWS): "He ruins the whole effect by wings of hair sticking out on either side of his face and by a mustache that one would hardly call elegant." Of Laborites **Hugh Gaitskell** and **Aneurin Bevan**: "Quite content to be permanently untidy about the ears."

On a long foray into Yankee territory to make friends and whoop up "Mississippi Recognition Month," that state's personable Democratic Governor **James P. Coleman** (TIME, March 4, 1957) stopped off in Manhattan to honor nine Mississippians who have made good north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Among the former Magnolia Staters appointed honorary colonels and aides-de-camp to Coleman's staff: the New York Times's Managing

Editor **Turner Catledge**, Musicomedy Director (*Jamaica*) and Composer **Lehman Engel**, and the littles colonel, ten-year-old **Eddie Hodges**, carrot-topped stand-out in the new Broadway hit musical *The Music Man*.

Ticklish Volume 40 of the new edition of the *Big Soviet Encyclopedia*, the volume containing the latest box score on **Joseph Stalin**, was published almost two years behind schedule and in the wake of its 48 companion volumes. Joe's spotty career is now trimmed down to five pages and one picture—a wholesale pruning in comparison with the previous (1947) edition's fat 59 pages and 14 pictures. In the new version, Dictator Stalin made no horrible mistakes until 1934, when "he began to believe in his own infallibility" and grew deaf to his comrades' advice. Among his biggest boners: the purges of the late '30s, trusting **Hitler**, feuding with **Tito**, believing in inevitable war between capitalist and socialist states. "Stalinism" is now officially a tainted word, but that is not Joe's fault: "The term is an invention of reactionary imperialist circles."

India's Prime Minister **Jawaharlal Nehru** was doing his utmost to provide fun, games and proper roasts for three foreign birds of altogether different feathers. The New Delhi visitors: U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. **Henry Cabot Lodge**, North Viet Nam's vermicelli-bearded Red Boss **Ho Chi Minh**, Afghanistan's King **Mohammed Zahir Shah**. By all odds, Ho was the corniest good neighbor, kissed every official within reach, made misty-eyed speeches with proletarian humility, begged New Delhi's schoolchildren to call him *chacha* (uncle), the same term of endearment they have been taught to call Nehru. Less interested in making loaded impressions, King Zahir, on a 15-day state visit, rushed busily between polo and field-hockey matches, a horse show, small-game shooting, a glider flight. A slated highlight of Zahir's trip: a tiger hunt, for which his striped target, previously located and fattened on goats and buffalo meat, unwarily awaited the King's bullet. Alighting at Palam Airport, Cabot Lodge was greeted as a long-lost friend by his oldtime U.N. wrangling foe, **V. K. Krishna Menon**, now India's Defense Minister. Asked by a cameraman to keep talking with Menon, Lodge quipped: "Oh, we won't have any trouble about that!" Cane in one hand, Menon plucked jovially at the garlands around Lodge's neck, apologized with some relish: "I'm sorry there are bugs in your flowers."

A Pan American World Airways plane crash near Lisbon in 1943 all but ended the big-time careers of throaty Singer **Jane** (*With a Song in My Heart*) **Froman** and Accordionist **Gypsy Markoff**, both bound overseas to entertain troops. It was five years before Jane could walk again without crutches (she still wears



GYPSY MARKOFF & KEFAUVER
Poor girls.

an iron brace on one leg). By gritty determination Gypsy made her crippled left hand play an accordion again, never completely regained her former skill. So far, in compensation for physical injuries, each entertainer has collected from Pan Am a piddling \$8,300—maximum allowable damages, under a 1929 treaty, for injuries suffered in international flights (unless the claimant proves willful misconduct). The House of Representatives voted last August to award Singer Froman \$138,205 and Accordionist Markoff \$33,236 for their wartime catastrophes. Last week Gypsy, at a Senate Judiciary subcommittee hearing, asked Tennessee's Democratic Senator **Estes Kefauver** to raise the amounts: Jane was laid up after her 31st operation. Said Gypsy to the Keef: "My hand feels like a perpetual toothache." Observed the Senator: "A very pitiful, appealing situation."

In deference to the view of **Harry Truman** that the *Missouri Waltz* is "as bad as *The Star-Spangled Banner* so far as music is concerned," the Democratic National Committee will omit the *Waltz* from the program of a fund-raising banquet that Truman is to attend in Washington this week.

Scheduled to get a shearing as a draft-ee, Dreamboat Groaner **Elvis Presley** jumped the clippers by getting a "normal" haircut that shortened his sideburns a good inch, left him still looking much too dreamy for the Army.

Washington was still recovering from a visitation by Britain's Virginia-born **Lady Astor**, 78, whose breezy wit once again ventilated salon, corridor and cloakroom. Reported syndicated Capital Gossipist **Betty Beale**: "At one gay party [she] came face to face with her old friend **Adlai Stevenson**, and startled everyone by proposing marriage. 'You need me,' she teased. 'I'm a rich widow.' Retorted Adlai, 'I want someone more mature.'"



COLONEL HODGES & COLEMAN
Good boys.



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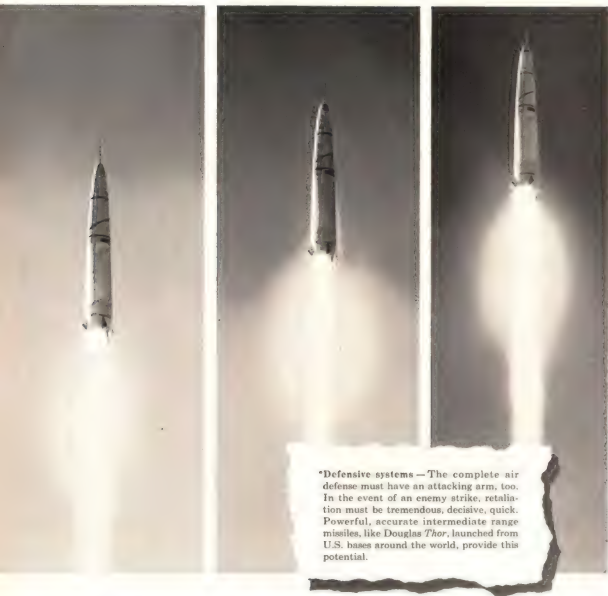
Giant Air Force THOR—*already in mass production*—

Last November 27th the Defense Department announced that the Douglas *Thor* had been ordered into production as the Air Force's intermediate range ballistics missile.

America's defense is gaining more than just a highly successful missile. *Thor* comes completely equipped with a Douglas-engineered support system that is *immediately* ready for field operation.

No hand-tooled prototype, the *Thor* test models fired for Air Force acceptance are built with mass production tooling. As a result, manufacture of *Thor* on a volume basis began the minute Air Force approval was given.

At the same time the science-industry-military team which cooperated in developing *Thor* readied the important systems required to make it operational...transportation, fuel-



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can strike anywhere in the world from U.S. bases

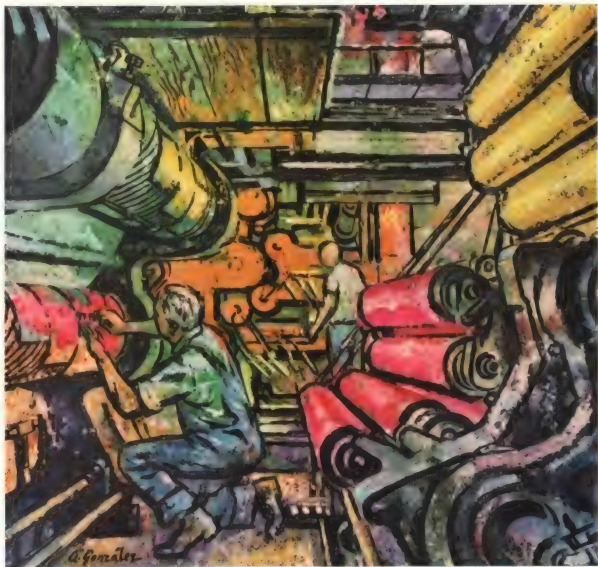
ing, launching, training and parts replacement.

Such thoroughness is typical of Douglas where 19,000 missiles of all types have been produced since 1941. In fact, Douglas is the *only* U.S. manufacturer to have developed missile systems in all categories...air-to-air, air-to-surface, surface-to-air, and surface-to-surface. And Douglas has an accumulation of missile experience unequalled in the U.S.

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MEDICINE

Rehearsal for Space

Clad in floppy hospital coat and pants, Airman Donald Gerard Farrell grinned, "Well, here goes," and clambered into a weird contraption at Texas' Randolph A.F.B. It looked like a home furnace—3 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, 5 ft. high—encrusted with tanks, pipes and electric cables. It was firmly anchored to the concrete floor, but it was the Air Force's closest approximation to the type of cabin in which a man might solo into outer space. Airman Farrell, 23, Manhattan-born son of a Wall Street accountant, was to make a seven-day simulated trip to the moon and back. Though he would not be exposed to three of the major hazards of space flight—acceleration, weightlessness and cosmic rays—the Air Force's space medicinemen wanted to study his reactions, both physical and emotional, to confinement* and fatigue.

Farrell tried to get comfortable in a seat like a combination dentist's chair and toilet seat. He wore dark glasses, because bright light beat continuously upon him for the still camera (taking a picture every 75 seconds) and the television camera transmitting uninterruptedly by closed circuit to a nearby viewing room. Electrodes were taped to Farrell's arm and chest: he plugged in the leads so that doctors from the Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine could keep watch on his pulse and breathing.

Double Oxygen. As soon as the cabin's steel door was dogged down, technicians began lowering the air pressure inside it to 8 lbs.—just over half an atmosphere, normal for 18,000 ft. At the same time they kept Farrell's oxygen supply normal by raising the oxygen content of the air fed to him through air-conditioning leads until it was double the sea-level proportion. And Farrell was off.

To test man's adaptability to a routine with no day-night cycle, the space medics had put Farrell on an arbitrary 14-hour day: 4½ hours for sleep, two work periods of four hours each, three half-hours for meals and personal hygiene. For work, he had to solve problems fed to him through a double-screen radarscope. Similar but not identical tracking patterns appeared on the two screens. By twiddling dials, Farrell had to make the right-hand screen match the left. Flanking him was a whopping panel with 30 lights, each labeled with a command. When the light flashed indicating "check oxygen equipment," Farrell did so and got his mask on in 10½ seconds.

Music on Request. Farrell had already experienced weightlessness in ten parabolic curve maneuvers in a supersonic F-94-C. He was selected for the space-cabin test because he seemed to have just

the right steady temperament. At first, in his cell, he was tense, but soon settled into the routine. He could not see out. Day after day he heard no human voice; the only sound available was recorded music which he could request (his preference: musical comedy, especially Gershwin and Cole Porter).

Farrell could talk to the outside. Every now and then he pressed a microphone button, began: "Space cabin to ground. I am now transmitting." His reports of the temperature in the cabin and how he felt were tape recorded. Everything he

litter. Though crew-cut, Farrell was annoyed to find that he had forgotten to take a comb with him. He improvised one by taping toothpicks on a piece of cardboard, contentedly ran this through his stubble. He used an electric shaver. He kept track of time with a hand-wound travel clock and a calendar on which he crossed off the dates, also kept a copious diary.

Ready If Wanted. Toward the end of his fifth day in solitary, Farrell tired noticeably. He was hard to wake (with an electric alarm operated from the outside) from his sound if cramped sleep. Then he muffed a couple of radarscope problems. But he soon snapped out of



United Press

AIRMAN FARRELL "IN FLIGHT" TO THE MOON
Where did he go? Nowhere. What did he do? Plenty.

did and said was timed. Continuous recordings of his pulse and breathing could be matched against the kinescope showing his activities and other recordings of temperature, humidity, etc.

Chow Hound. Normally, six-footer Farrell maintains his 185 lbs. on 2,500 calories a day. But the Air Force had stocked his tiny cabin with a rich larder: prefabricated meals of lobster, ham and chicken, with pickles and olives for garnish. He had an electric heating cup to prepare instant coffee or tea. Farrell became a chow hound, worked up to 3,400 calories a day with frequent snacks. Fearing that inactivity might cause constipation, doctors had furnished him a supply of laxatives. He never needed them.

Farrell had plenty of bottled water. He used it for drinking, for brushing his teeth, and for daily sponge baths, after which he changed into a fresh hospital suit. He stored his urine (for later measurements) in stoppered bottles, his feces in plastic bags. Air conditioning removed the moisture that came from his sweat and drew off his body heat: activated charcoal helped with the deodorizing. He slept on an air mattress stretched over a

it, completed his seven-day stint—long enough to get to the moon and back at present attainable speeds—with no outward sign of emotional or physical ill effects. Only once did he show irritation, when he was fed some raucous hillbilly music. He quickly switched it off.

This week, Airman Farrell wriggled out of his space cabin, a bit stooped and wobbly from being cramped, but otherwise none the worse. He repeated what he had said before "take-off": "I would really and truly like to make that first trip to the moon. I'm available if they want me." The Air Force medics kept him under observation (surprisingly, he had lost 4 lbs.), set about the job of analyzing the miles of records they had accumulated while Moon Traveler Farrell stayed anchored to the ground.

Drugged Future?

Are the tranquilizers and newer "psychic energizers" only the harbingers of a parade of drugs that will cure a wide variety of man's emotional disorders, increase and prolong his mental efficiency, perhaps decrease his need for sleep? This teaser from the psychochemist's dream world was pre-

* The Air Force called it isolation, but Farrell knew he was surrounded by solicitous friends who would rush to his aid if he pressed a button. Thus the emotional stress of true isolation was missing.

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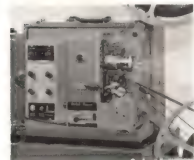
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sented last week by New York's Dr. Nathan S. Kline to a Chicago meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association. Eventually, said Dr. Kline, modifications of existing drugs, and others still to be discovered, should lead to progress in these areas:

HARDENING OF BRAIN ARTERIES and resulting mental deterioration in the aged. (This now causes 50% of admissions to New York's state hospitals and a vast number of milder, nonhospitalized cases.) Drugs could help by improving circulation in the brain, preventing extension of areas damaged by sclerosis, or stimulating the brain's repair mechanisms. Effective



Julius Schick

PSYCHIATRIST KLINE
More dreams, less sleep.

drugs for these purposes might outsell anything now on the market.

IMPAIRMENT OF MEMORY. Just as some hypnotics (like thiopental sodium) now used in psychiatry facilitate the recall of painful, repressed memories, it should be possible to find drugs to enable a wide-awake subject to recall in detail precisely what he wants to.

DRUG ADDICTION. Iproniazid (TIME, Dec. 16) has already proved valuable in some cases of drug addiction, by relieving the depression which led to use of narcotics; it may help similarly in cases of alcoholism associated with depression.

EXTRANEOUS PERCEPTION. If there is anything to telepathy (which Dr. Kline did not concede), "the possibilities of [developing] a drug which will bring about 'heightened awareness' should not be overlooked."

EXCESSIVE SLEEPFULNESS. "There are individuals who are obsessed by sleep, devoting a disproportionate amount of time to it . . . One can only speculate as to why sleep is necessary at all, since no one as yet has demonstrated a biochemical or physiological explanation." A side effect of psychic energizers is that most patients find that they need only four or five hours

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sleep a night: some have gone this way for a year with no fatigue. Dr. Kline tried iproniazid himself, found he could do two days' work in one. A good question, he said, is "what the world would do with a daily increase of six or eight billion man-hours of time, which would result if two billion people saved three or four hours of sleep every night."

How Baby Grows

Chicago's Lying-in Hospital proudly announced the birth of its bouncingest baby. Delivered last week, after prolonged labor, and published by the hospital's Mothers' Aid organization, it is a new and radically revised edition of a baby record book. *Our Baby's First Seven Years*. Available in four bindings of varying luxe (\$2.98 to \$5.98), it has proved its appeal in 26 previous printings (more than 1,500,000 copies), from which profits of \$300,000 have been plowed back into maternity research. Going far beyond the skeletal birth, height, weight and teething records of conventional baby books, the volume was designed originally by an obstetrician, has now been revised by eleven medical specialists, includes the memorabilia that mothers love plus space for data that should help the pediatrician and have lasting value to doctors who treat the subject long beyond babyhood.

Prebirth information begins with a detailed form in which the mother can describe her pregnancy, including such complications as toxemia and German measles. There are blanks for a description of labor, which should show whether the child, if handicapped in any way, might have been injured at birth. Blood type and Rh status are recorded for father and mother as well as baby. There is a three-page blank for details of baby's first medical examination after leaving the hospital, to be filled in by the doctor and pasted in the book.

The changes in emphasis of doctors' concern for young patients are illustrated by revisions for the new edition. There is a whole page for data about the eyes, from birth (was silver nitrate used, and if premature, was oxygen administered?) through developmental stages ("eyes move together to follow moving object") to examinations by an ophthalmologist. Need for this was established after it was found that far more children than had been realized were having eye trouble before the age of seven. There is a similar page for bones and postural development. Reflecting current concern about radiation, a section has been added to record use of X rays, in both diagnosis and treatment, with the dosage of radiation used and the site affected.

On the emotional side the trend is toward lessening parental tension. Instead of a rigid schedule, which prescribed the exact numbers of hours of sleep a youngster must have from year to year, there is now a permissive page simply to record how he sleeps. A stern "Development of Character" page, with the injunction, "Children must be taught emotional control," has been dropped entirely.



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RELIGION

Wrestling at the Font

"Just lately there have been numerous cases of parents bringing their babies for baptism aged a year or even 18 months. This is entirely wrong and contrary to the church's teaching." So, in his parish bulletin, writes the Rev. Horace Willson, Anglican rector of St. Mary's Church of Rosettenville in Johannesburg, South Africa. "It is only reasonable to expect a child twelve months of age to be frightened and resist the priest's attempts to pour water over its head. Some of the recent administrations could be likened to an all-in wrestling match, with the priest applying all the holds possible. The dignity of the service is shattered the moment the fighting and screaming begins."

"So often, when baptism is deferred so long, I cannot help but wonder whether there is the slightest chance of the child being Christianly brought up in the church or home. The fact that many persons bring their offspring to be baptized in the same spirit in which they have taken them to be vaccinated reflects a lack of spiritual perception on the part of those parents."

Jewish Proselytizers?

Missionary zeal once beat strong in Judaism; the Pharisees, said Jesus, would "compass sea and land to make one proselyte" (*Matthew 23:15*). This proselytizing urge vanished in the Diaspora, but the time may have come to compass land and sea again. So thinks Robert Gordis, professor of Bible at Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary and of religion at Columbia University.

Judaism has much to offer the Gentiles of today, says Dr. Gordis, member of a Conservative congregation, in the current *National Jewish Monthly*. Jewish emphasis on family life would be a firm foundation in "the contemporary quagmire of sex and family relations." Jewish internationalism would be a potent palliative for the excesses of nationalism. And many a non-Jew would welcome Judaism's "uncompromising insistence . . . upon the unity of God, its realistic yet hopeful view of the nature of man, its refusal to accept a dichotomy between body and spirit, its de-emphasis of miracle and dogma, its optimistic view, rooted in the Prophets, of human history as culminating in the Messianic age."

Gordis pays tribute to the "sincerity and idealism" of Christian leaders, but he is not impressed with their 2,000-year record: "In no area of the world has there been a darker record of wars, bigotry, tyranny and persecution than in the Christian world." A new emphasis may be indicated, "if not a different conception of man's nature and duty and of relationship to the universe. Perhaps Judaism can supply this need."

To supply it, Judaism would need both missionaries and missions, and Gordis is well aware of what they would be up

against. For one thing, potential converts would have to acquire not only a new set of beliefs but "a new pattern of practice that requires a complete transformation of one's way of life." In addition, "it should be remembered that no Christian sect has ever formally surrendered the goal of converting the Jews to Christianity. There is a grave question as to how these churches would react if Jews were to begin to convert Christians to Judaism." To explore these problems, Gordis proposes a conference of all Jewish national organizations, lay and rabbinic. Before such a Semitic

pelting rain as a special act of devotion to the Virgin Mary on the 100th anniversary of her apparition to little Bernadette Soubirous in the grotto at Lourdes. By 10 o'clock, some 50,000 people were massed within the encircling wings of the basilica, or jammed shoulder to shoulder on the surrounding hillsides.

For months the citizens of Lourdes have labored to prepare for the record 8,000,000 pilgrims expected in this centenary year. On Rue de la Grotte the four-story Hotel Vatican is crusted with scaffolding as workmen rush completion of two more floors. Most of the 600 other hotels in the city (pop. 16,000) are booked solid from April to November.



Paris-Match

CENTENARY MASS AT LOURDES
From the clefts of the rock, an avalanche of grace.

summit meeting, Gordis would lay a "two-pronged program." Prong No. 1: a pilot mission to Japan, which "would not encounter the difficulties that might arise in a country in which Christianity is dominant." Prong No. 2: information centers on Judaism throughout the U.S.

Plans are already under way for such a center in Manhattan, to be run by the New York Board of Rabbis. The center, says Gordis, will "make available to all who knock at its door the guidance of the Jewish tradition in solving whatever problems confront them." Eventually, Gordis believes, Jewry may again take up "the challenge of the prophetic injunction" to be "a light to the nations."

Hospital for Souls

Down the Rue de la Grotte one morning last week marched eight little boys, hand in hand, wide-eyed and solemn. They were leading the greatest procession ever held at Lourdes, one of Christendom's most famed places of pilgrimage.

Behind them came a hundred rows of other children, followed by a vast crowd of men and women. Many had walked that morning through mountain wind and

To welcome 768 scheduled special trains. Lourdes has repainted its railway station and put up a big neon sign combining the papal coat of arms, the arms of Lourdes, and those of the ancient local ruling house of Bigorre. As the town continues its face-lifting, the sound of church bells is drowned everywhere by the clang and bang of cement mixers and pneumatic drills.

Loyalties & Lozenges. The motive for all this activity is not entirely religious. Lourdes is a city of shops—some 400, most of them crammed with cheap religious souvenirs: bottles for carrying water from the grotto, alarm clocks that tinkle *Ave Maria*, cellophane bags of throat lozenges made from "Genuine Lourdes Water." The names on the shop fronts are aimed at special loyalties: "The Infant Jesus of Prague," "St. Laurence O'Toole" (proprietors Walsh & Douly). These highly competitive private enterprises have helped the city to an estimated income of 10 billion francs (almost \$24 million) a year, a figure that may well triple in 1958.

All commercialism stops at the gate to the grounds surrounding the grotto and

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basilica. Nothing is sold inside except candles; visitors must dress as they would in church. Under the present Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, Pierre-Marie Théas, the grotto has regained much of its original rustic simplicity: he replaced the ornate altar with a simple stone slab, took down the iron grille that used to stretch across the front of the cave, removed all but a few of the hundreds of crutches and orthopedic braces left behind by sufferers who found relief at Lourdes.*

Bishop Théas has also pushed ahead with the construction of a new basilica, big enough to hold 20,000 and almost entirely underground (so expensive has the project proved—an estimated \$6,000,000 thus far—that the Vatican sent a bishop coadjutor to take charge of the finances). On a hillside above Lourdes, workmen are hurrying to finish the "City of Help," a dozen simple buildings where 600 poor pilgrims may stay free of charge.

Song of the Dove. On the anniversary last week, Bishop Théas celebrated Mass on the steps of the old basilica, before Pierre Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, 17 visiting bishops (two from the U.S.), and a sprinkling of politicians, including Italy's former Premier Amintore Fanfani. Bishop Théas read the gradual for the day: "The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come; the song of the dove is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come, my dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall."

Old (78) Cardinal Gerlier, onetime Bishop of Lourdes, walked slowly to the pulpit and looked down at the long line of wheelchairs in the front row of the congregation. "Lourdes is a land of miracles," he said, "but it is above all a place where an avalanche of grace takes place. It is a real hospital for souls."

The Battle of Amami Oshima

Life is grim on Amami Oshima, an island in the typhoon-swept East China Sea, 200 miles southwest of Japan. The islanders are beset by leprosy, poverty, poisonous snakes, and fire. Again and again, storm-spread fires have all but wiped out the wooden shanties of Nase, the island's largest town (pop. 43,000). This month such a fire razed one of Nase's poorest sections—and blazed up into an ideological battle between a Communist and a Christian.

The well-matched antagonists are an agile-minded Red politico and a Franciscan priest from New Haven, Conn. Father Jerome Lukaszweski rushed food, milk and clothes to the disaster area: Communist Yasutaro Nakamura dispatched a task force of soapbox orators to stage a "Red Flag Unfurling" rally and launch a political campaign for the Red-backed candidate for mayor in this week's elections.

* The Vatican has formally recognized only 24 miraculous cures.

† Bishop Christopher Weldon of Springfield, Mass., and Auxiliary Bishop Leo Smith of Buffalo, N.Y.




FATHER JEROME & CHARGES
Reds are tougher than ghosts.

Father Lukaszweski, 35, *shimpu-san* (priest) of a flock of 3,000, went to Nase in 1952 straight from four years of working among the poor in Bridgeport. When he arrived, he spoke no Japanese; today he sometimes has to search for the right word in English. He and two other Franciscan priests (both American) and two lay brothers tour the island by jeep—and when the jeeps break down, on foot. "We count distances not in miles but in mountains climbed," says Father Jerome.

Most of the islanders are animists who people every rock and tree with good and evil spirits. The Franciscans' real enemy is harder to cope with than any swarm of spirits. It is called *ManorKui* ("Remember to Take Care of"), a front organization that provides the poor of Amami Oshima with cash handouts, food, free medical care and large doses of Communist indoctrination. Its boss: Comrade Nakamura, 48, who so far has run in six elections, lost four, is currently a member of the regional assembly. Communist Nakamura is careful not to attack the friars directly. "I respect Father Jerome," he says. "He helps the poor." Father Jerome's opposition, explains Comrade Nakamura, can be so effective that in one previous election "my own cousin voted against me."

Last week Nakamura and his mayoralty candidate, Socialist Tetsuji Otsu, whittled enough votes from the fire-ravaged Naseans to win the election. Their most telling campaign promise: money to rebuild the burned-out homes. But Father Jerome, struggling to help the survivors of a new storm, knew that the battle had barely begun. Said he: "It's too early to tell yet whether the Reds are going to try to hamper our work, now that they've won. But they know we are not exactly well disposed toward them."



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MUSIC

Redskin Bites the Dust

Musicians, like other artists, occasionally regard themselves as pioneers whose wagon train to the mountains of truth and beauty is encircled by whooping savages—the critics. Last week New York Philharmonic Wagon Master Leonard Bernstein, whose hide has been punctured by as many arrows as any, leveled his Winchester at a particular pesky redskin. Asked what he thought of music critics by Reporter Martin Agronsky on NBC-TV's *Look Here* show, Bernstein replied: "I have come to take them not very seriously any more. When you do get mad at a critic is when he is a self-advertised authority and at the same time proceeds to display ignorance, making mistakes, showing he doesn't have ears to hear with."

Then, without mentioning his name, Bernstein sang the war bonnet of New York *Herald Tribune* Critic Paul Henry Lang, 56, professor of musicology at Columbia University, who had scolded Maria Meneghini Callas and Tenor Daniele Bاريوني for singing flat in their first-act duet in *La Traviata* (TIME, Feb. 17). The pitch was dropping so fast at one point, Critic Lang had written, that it seemed as if the singers were about to land in the conductor's lap. Bernstein's complaint about this display of "great authority and chilling wit": Bاريوني was indeed off key, but he was sharpening, not flattening. "Here is a critic who heard a man singing too low when 3,000 people were . . . in the Metropolitan Opera House hearing him singing too high . . . Now the first thing you would expect from a critic who draws pay on a newspaper is that he can tell the difference between up and down, because this is kind of germane to music."

Said Lang: "I rely on my own ears, and I am perfectly satisfied with them . . . Well, 3,000 people can't be wrong. Why don't they fire me?"

Double Launching

Negro singers are still rare enough in grand opera to be news to the public and to make managers self-conscious about what roles to give them. Two possible answers—Carmen, the gypsy girl, and Aida, the Ethiopian slave. But they are also taxing debut parts, both vocally and dramatically. Last week, on-opera stages 4,000 miles apart, two of the most promising of the U.S.'s young Negro singers appeared in *Carmen* and *Aida* to audience cheers.

Brooklyn-born Gloria Davy, 25, made her first musical splash four years ago as the replacement for Leontyne Price in *Porgy and Bess*. She toured in the role from San Francisco to Cairo, finally abandoned Bess to avoid being typed. She studied *Aida*, sang the title role in the opera house at Nice but had never attempted it with a big-league company before her debut at the Metropolitan Opera last week. Soprano Davy was



GLORIA DAVY AS AIDA
New but natural.

thrown in with a strong cast—Kurt Baum as Radames, Irene Dalis as Amneris. Leonard Warren as Amonasro—which might well have overpowered her. Tentative at first, Singer Davy warmed up as the evening progressed, sang her low tones with a throaty richness, her upper ones with limpid, free-flowing clarity. Her *O patria mia* was a triumph of yearning beauty. She lacked the sheer vocal force



VERA LITTLE AS CARMEN
Small but satiny.

to carry over Baum's bellowing and Warren's thunderous tones, but she matched the acting of the veteran cast with a touchingly natural performance. All in all, Soprano Davy proved that the Met is where she belongs.

Vera Little is a strapping, 27-year-old Memphis girl who went to Europe on a Fulbright fellowship in 1954 to study voice at the Paris Conservatory. While on a concert tour, she dropped into a Hamburg café one day, was spotted by an opera official. "That's exactly the kind of girl we're looking for to sing Carmen," he said to his companion. "Pity she's not a singer." Said his companion, a friend of Vera's, "But she is—and besides she's a mezzo." Next day Soprano Little flew to West Berlin to audition for brilliant Opera Director Carl Ebert (TIME, Jan. 24, 1955), was hired to sing the title role in his new production of *Carmen*.

In her debut, Soprano Little radiated much of the cool assurance—but not all the stage-wise technique—of a veteran. The voice she displayed was not yet a big one, but it had a smooth satiny quality ideally suited to the menacing, feline tension of her carefully calculated movements. Her opening-night performance was received with warm applause and scattered smart-aleck brays of "Little, go home!" By the second performance, she had her audience cheering after both her big first-act arias. Concluded one influential critic: "The debut came perhaps a bit too early, but it might well be the beginning of a great stage career."

Pop Records

"Movie music," said Sir Thomas Beecham, "is noise. It's even more painful than my scintilla." For years, audiences approached screen music with what the industry regards as a more euphetistic attitude: they ignored it. Although isolated scores such as Max Steiner's music for *Gone With the Wind* caught the public fancy, Hollywood's rule-of-thumb used to be that a good score is one the audience does not hear.* Now film scores have become big sellers on the pop market. The change was foreshadowed by *The Third Man* theme and by Dimitri Tiomkin's *High Noon*; both tunes were dramatically part of the movies whose titles they bore, but also became huge independent hits. Nowadays a producer may assign a composer to do a title tune even before he casts the leading roles or raises all his money. Even mere accompaniment scores without notable single tunes are selling on LPs. Currently there are more than 200 movie LPs, and record men are unreeeling more as fast as they can tape them.

The current boom started when Decca taped the palpitating score by Elmer Bernstein (no kin to Leonard) for *The*

* Such noted U.S. composers as Aaron Copland (*The Heiress*) and Leonard Bernstein (*The Waterfront*) have written distinguished film music. Some composers have used films as the inspiration for music that has become part of the concert repertoire (e.g., Sergei Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* and Lieutenant Kije; Virgil Thomson's *Louisiana Story*).

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**BY
PONTIAC**



Man With the Golden Arm found itself with an unexpected hit on its hands. Decca is now high on the charts with the soundtrack music of **Around the World in 80 Days** by Victor Young. Other companies have rushed into vinyl with the sound tracks of such uncertain musical bets as **Mogambo**, **The Pride and the Passion**, **Hot Rod Rumble**. By and large, present-day studio composers seem a trifle more sophisticated than the practitioners of "Mickey Mouse" music in the '30s, when whole orchestras simply hurtled into the bass clef when a character tumbled downstairs. Columbia's **The Bridge on the**



Howard Sechurn—LIFE
SONGSTRESS VAN VOOREN
Mahty lo-ak a drainpipie.

River Kwai, by British Composer Malcolm Arnold, skillfully melds its bellowing brasses and shivering strings with such traditional military airs as the **Colonel Bogey March** in a score long on pomp, short on circumstance. RCA Victor's **Bonjour Tristesse**, by French Composer Georges Auric—member of the sometime modernist group known as **The Six**—offers the listener a deft American Express tour of the French psyche, is at its best when it cuts loose with some lowdown jazz hot.

But even the best screen scores—laden with what the industry calls "the old guts-ero"—suffer from the terrible facelessness that is the bane of movie music. "We can write symphonic music," a Hollywood composer once boasted, "almost as fast as an orchestra can play it." More often, the scores sound as though the orchestra had started wandering from the mark before the composer finished his job.

Other pop records:

Tonight (José Melis, his piano and strings; Seeco). A collection of standards

—*Love Is a Simple Thing*, *Harbor Lights*, *One Morning in May*—played by a 40-year-old Cuban supper-club pianist (and member of the Jack Paar TV show). Melis has a nice, unpretentious fancy and an attack as clean as a sea breeze. Particularly pleasant when he cuts loose from all those viscous strings.

Mink in Hi-Fi (Monique Van Vooren; RCA Victor). Belgian-born Show Girl Van Vooren's voice has the tiny resonance of a sound heard through a drainpipe, and her accent in English is an astonishing blend of Gaul and Georgia Cracker: "La-ak a queen in the royal loah postah . . . Ah can face zat lovely place called bed." The combination is disastrous in the slow, sexy register, but in such shouting numbers as *Le Rikik* and *My Man Is Good*, V.V. carries the show on muscle alone.

A Winter's Tale (Paul Winter; Offbeat Records). These songs "for happy people with happy problems," composed and sung in various dialects by Disk Jockey (and onetime philosophy teacher) Paul Winter, take some savage and often hilarious swipes at diverse targets—among them Schopenhauer, Orval Faubus and the Organization Man ("I am a team man. . . I get my steam, man, from that doll Normie Vincent Peale"). Among Winter's best: a "film clip" from a *Brief Encounter*-style British movie entitled *The Heart Is a Desperate Delicatessen*; a monologue in which Producer "Boris Ish-tar" rages at his star, "Rock Quarry," for failing to hit the big scandal magazines with the "slight perversions" suburbia currently demands ("I am spitting my Milton at you").

The Art of Mabel Mercer (Atlantic; 2 LPs). In a triumph of mind over voice, Songstress Mercer runs through 20-odd songs she made famous in small cafés. Her voice, never sumptuous, wobbles badly in such numbers as *Let Me Love You* and *You Will Wear Velvet*, but the phrasing is impeccable, and she can still infuse songs like *Some Fine Day* and *The End of a Love Affair* with an emotional charge that other singers never guessed was there.

Local Color (Mose Allison Trio; Prestige). Pianist-Composer Mose Allison grew up in a dusty, crossroads Mississippi town, and this album tells a lot about it. The selections—*Carnival*, *Mojo Woman*, *Crepuscular Air*—have an engaging funky, blues-flavored quality, abetted by some light and witty Allison solo flights on the piano. Among the most successful is a swinging, wryly humorous ballad about a misunderstood wife-slayer at "the Parchman Farm" who passes his time "puttin' that cotton in a 'leven foot sack With a 12-gauge shotgun at [his] back."

I Got Rhythm (Teddy Wilson; Verve). For those who like their piano well-flavored and with the angularities gone. The slower selections such as *All of Me* sometimes lose their way, but Pianist Wilson swings through the propulsive numbers—*Sweet Georgia Brown*, *Smile*, *Limehouse Blues*—with fine buoyancy and the amiable air of a man who could not utter a harsh note if he tried.

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The *Entertainer* (by John Osborne) must be regarded primarily as Sir Laurence Olivier's evening. But, whatever its weaknesses, the play is still by England's most interesting new playwright in years. This time the author of *Look Back in Anger* has no brilliantly disgruntled intellectual for a hero, but a flabbily disintegrating vaudevillian. On the music hall stage Archie Rice is a cheap-Jack with rancid jokes and forced jauntiness, whose very vulgarity lacks drive. In theatrical digs he is a shoddy, cynical family man, exploiting those who love him and embossing betrayal with abuse. Even with his back to the wall, he can somehow see the writing on it.

Olivier has caught Archie's makeup in all its rich, mangy detail, whether the scared swagger or the seedy lewdness, and has portrayed an out-at-elbows flop yammering that the world is out of joint. Of the vivid details Olivier makes a firm design: from a richly unsavory character part he forges a vital character. Indeed, as staged by Tony Richardson, the whole production scores—in Joan Plowright's protesting daughter, George Relph's old-school-actor father, and notably in Brenda de Banzie's distraught, put-upon wife.

Though needing so expert a production, *The Entertainer* can be too easily written off as a play. With its alternating home life and vaudeville turns, it can misleadingly seem at times less play than stunt. The writing lacks the brilliant crackle of Osborne's earlier play. Where the hero of *Look Back* has a superb talent for abuse, Archie Rice turns meanly abusive from having no talent for anything. And where *Look Back* boasts a stingingly real attitude but has increasingly facetious situations, *The Entertainer* boasts a genuine situation but everywhere strains for an attitude. Its attempt to enlarge its characters into social symbols, to enfold its cheap-Jack in the Union Jack and pass off a grubby slice of life as contemporary England, never succeeds.

The truth is that, unlike *Look Back*, *The Entertainer* deals not with society but with humanity. It is thus less topical and theatrically fresh. It is no snarling trumpet call to inaction, but the whiny yet at times affecting fiddling of a somewhat hackneyed yet not bogus tune. It is oddly unified, its twanged and tawdry stage scenes harmonizing perfectly with its family ones. Compared to *Look Back*, where people swim flashily about in a heavy surf of resentment, *The Entertainer's* is a static little world in which people without very much showmanship drown.

"I don't sing or dance very well, you understand," says Sir Laurence Olivier of his performance in *The Entertainer*. "But fortunately, I play a very bad entertainer."

At first Olivier was infuriated by Playwright Osborne's vitriolic *Look Back in Anger* (now in its fifth month on Broad-



Friedman—Abels

OLIVIER AS ARCHIE RICE

With rich, mangy detail.

way). But, says he, "the second time I saw it the scales descended from my eyes." Sir Laurence asked Osborne to write *The Entertainer* for him, bowed out of a starring role in Hollywood's film version of *Separate Tables*. In a tiny London theater he opened in Osborne's play at a salary of \$126 a week. "I still disapprove of Osborne's social doctrines," says Olivier. "But I consider him a highly talented playwright. He has the skill to express the feelings of his characters who are unable to communicate with one another."

After the eight-week Broadway run of *The Entertainer*, Sir Laurence will hurry to Scotland to catch the moors in a properly misty mood for his movie *Macbeth*. As in his other three Shakespearian movies (*Henry V*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III*), he will produce, direct and star.

Cloud 7 (by Max Wilk) is a comedy about Newton Reece (Ralph Meeker), 39, married, commuter, on the rise with United Foods, who one day, tired of it all, throws up his job. He goes home to Connecticut with no future plans beyond Do-It-Yourselfing in a chair and making love to his wife (Martha Scott) in the daytime. He also tries his hand at baking brownies, urges a drab, neglected neighbor's wife to turn slinky, encourages a job-weary laundryman to rebel, gets a lady writer to turn sulful. When the boss (amusingly played by John McGiver) comes after him, he agrees to go back to work, but quickly quits again.

The play's whole Birds Eye view of commuter life is by now so familiar as to need to be either freshly observed or gorgeously exaggerated. In *Cloud 7* it gets hardly more than a look and a promise. *Cloud 7* is not only not a proper suburban satire or farce; it is not playwrighting.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In Texas' San Angelo *Standard-Times*, over a story on Stripteaser Candy Barr's imprisonment for possession of narcotics:

CANDY BARR GETS
FIFTEEN-YEAR WRAP

Righting the Rewrite

The United Press committed the common journalistic sin of hopping up a story—and raised an uncommon fuss. Reported the U.P. under a Lorain, Ohio dateline: "The first bread line since the Depression days of the 1930s formed today at City Hall in this recession-hit steel town where one of every nine residents is receiving unemployment checks." The "news" sped across the U.S. Cried the Lorain evening *Journal* (circ. 26,517): "A vicious false report . . . a case study in mass hysteria." Rewriting the U.P. rewrite, a *Journal* editorial pointed out that Lorain (pop. 50,219) has a total of only 175 relief cases, 110 at the same time last year. When three bakeries gave the city welfare department "a small assortment" of day-old bread and cakes for distribution to welfare cases, only "seven arrived to obtain some of the free fare." Next day, said the paper, "16 clients appeared after being invited by telephone." Snapped the *Journal*: "If bread lines are established, we will say so."

Buck's Luck

For the "priceless-to-science" body of Laika, the Russian dog still orbiting in Sputnik II, rival spaceships battled grimly last week with every weapon still unknown to science. The futuristic dogfight took place in *Buck Rogers*, the comic pages' oldest and highest-flying extraterrestrial strip, which was launched into newspaper

space 29 years ago by Chicago's National Newspaper Syndicate. A perennial hero to the space-gun set, Buck Rogers is flying higher than ever after falling from a pre-war apogee of 136 client dailies in 1935 to a postwar perigee of 43 papers in 1956.

As soon as Sputniks I and II joined Captain Rogers in outer space, editors across the U.S. started signing up in droves for the daily and Sunday strip. By last week 154 U.S. dailies and some 100 foreign papers in 18 languages were hitched to Buck Rogers' spaceship. The syndicate is already feeling crowded by man's real-life advance into space. Sighs Artist Rick Yager, Buck's longtime (16 years) copilot, who works eight weeks in advance: "It's getting pretty hard to think up things that the scientists can't possibly build—right away, that is."

Push for the Post

From Caracas, the *Houston Post's* Reporter Jack Donahue last week sent his paper a penetrating series on a topic close to Texans: the precarious future of U.S. oil companies in post-revolutionary Venezuela. Hitting an even more sensitive nerve, the *Post* ran a Page One series by Staffer Leon Hale on Texas A. & M.'s deep-rooted schism over basic educational policies. Other staff-written stories in the bright, boldly laid-out *Post* last week ranged from Business Editor Sam Weiner's rundown on the recession's impact to Austin Correspondent Felton West's sympathetic account of a "constructive" program at an upstate reformatory once famed for stern treatment of juvenile inmates.

With such alert, far-ranging news coverage and a thoughtful, middle-of-the-road Republican editorial page, the morning *Post* ("written and edited to merit your confidence") has won 65 statewide and national journalistic awards in the past five years, staked out a reputation as the Southwest's most readable daily. It has also seized the rank of Houston's No. 1 paper from the staunchly segregationist evening *Chronicle*, which in its dyspeptic distrust of Eisenhower Republicanism, the U.N., and U.S. allies often sounds like an oil-belt echo of the *Chicago Tribune*.

In circulation and advertising, Jesse Jones's *Chronicle* had long towered over its rivals as commandingly as Jones's San Jacinto Monument[®] besides its battlefield. For the first time in more than 20 years, the *Post* (circ. 213,108) last October inched ahead of the windy, lethargic *Chronicle* (212,041) in weekday circulation (though the *Chronicle* still has a strapping 14,000 Sunday lead).

The push at the *Post* comes from

* The world's tallest (520 ft.) stone monument, it was copied from a sketch in which Entrepreneur Jones combined his two favorite memorials—the Lincoln and Washington monuments—in Washington, D.C.

* Known earlier as the *Houston Post-Dispatch*, the paper successfully defended its right to that name in a court battle with Pulitzer's St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, voluntarily shortened it in 1952.



Owen Johnson

ARTHUR LARO

Digging deeper and being read.

plump, stogie-chomping Executive Editor (and Board Member) Arthur Emmett Laro, 46, whose first move on taking over as managing editor in 1947 was to fire twelve staffers. He got a free hand from his publishers, Texas' onetime (1917-20) Governor William P. Hobby and his wife, Oveta Culp, wartime WAC commander and the nation's first (1953-55) Health, Education and Welfare Secretary. In ten years Laro has quadrupled his editorial staff (to 110) and kept Houston humming with such solidly documented exposes as hawk-faced City Editor Ralph O'Leary's biting inside report on Texas' McCarthyophile Minute Women (TIME, Nov. 3, 1953). Editor Laro's creed: "Go beneath the surface of the news and report things that other people either aren't equipped to report—or don't want to."

Rumpus over Rowan

"You should ship Carl Rowan to Russia," a small-town attorney angrily urged the *Minneapolis Tribune* (circ. 212,873). The *Tribune's* prize-winning Reporter Rowan (TIME, March 4) was raising tempers all over Minnesota last week. When somebody invited him to make a speech in one rural community, the town fathers promptly refused use of the school auditorium. Jeered a rural editor: "If Rowan visited a town where a funeral and a wedding were taking place simultaneously, he'd go straight to the funeral."

The rumpus over the *Tribune's* 32-year-old Negro star arose from an explosive, eleven-part series reporting that funeral bells are in fact tolling for whole communities throughout predominantly agricultural Minnesota. Assigned to look into economic and social conditions in depressed farm towns, Rowan returned from a 30-day tour convinced that scores of communities will have to shift gears or perish. He found that a long-term drop in the state's net farm income (down \$9;



Rick Yager. © 1956 John F. D. Inc.

BUCK ROGERS

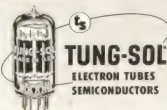
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million since 1949) was aggravated by an agricultural revolution that is eliminating the country town's longtime function of marketplace and supply center. Yet, he reported, bigwigs in many rural communities are more interested in keeping out unions than bringing in industrial payrolls that would give their towns economic balance.

In the statewide clamor stirred by his series, more than half the 300 readers who had bombarded the paper with letters last week plainly agreed with Rowan. Though rural papers split evenly over Rowan's "soul-searching" report, none challenged his facts. To one farm-belt editor who accused him of exaggerating his conclusions, Carl Rowan replied: "Sure, the truth hurts, and if I have spiked some tender toes—well, I'm not sorry. I viewed my job much like that of a doctor diagnosing an ailing patient. It would be a silly doctor who spent two hours telling the patient how pretty his teeth are, how strongly his heart beats, how good his reflexes are, only to add a postscript as the patient walks out the door: 'By the way, you may have cancer.'"

Truth About Half-Truth

Editors have an occupational weakness for striking holier-than-thou attitudes, especially on the subject of newspaper ethics. Last week the subject got a refreshingly candid airing from Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 46, editor of the Jones family's *Tulsa Tribune* and recently president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. In a lecture at the University of Kansas, where he won the first certificate of editorial leadership awarded by the William Allen White Foundation, Jones said: "We often tell our readers only half-truths. We are constantly sweeping facts under the rugs."

Getting right down to cases, Jones admitted that his *Tribune* sometimes ignores long-ago criminal records in obituaries, drops stories that might needlessly embarrass the subject, and uses a double standard in reporting some news, e.g., carrying squibs on the doings of the town drunk, but killing the drunken-driving episode of a prominent citizen. When an editor tries to decide what to print and what to kill, he said, he "must understand that uncompromising honesty carries cruelty in its saddlebags, and that too much gentleness will help evil thrive."

Jones is even willing to compromise on the issue that many editors consider the most uncompromising of all: news coverage of the government. "Many of my colleagues in the newspaper business have leaped to the conclusion that all public affairs not directly connected with national defense must be conducted in the open," he said. "I disagree. For it is only behind closed doors that most politicians—yes, even statesmen—honestly express their views and try to get at the meat of the question . . . No sound policy is decided upon without frank exchange of views. And a frank exchange of views is rarely reached with the press looking over the shoulders of the policymakers."

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of loss***



"A lightning-started fire proved the 8-hour story to me," says M. L. Turner, Greenville, S. C. "Within 8 hours after proof of loss, I had my check from American Hardware Mutual."

Fair, fast claim payments. Annual dividend payments that mean low-cost premiums. Expert insurance counsel. Three reasons for the loyalty of our 236,000 policyholders.



Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DALLAS, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, ST. LOUIS, ST. PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG, TAMPA, WASHINGTON, D.C.

*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

Whispering Campaign

In Seattle, radio was preparing to launch a new campaign—against TV. Inspired by TV's experiments with subliminal perception, enterprising radio station KOL planned to use TV's own secret-pitch technique as its weapon. This week, behind the playing of some of its 40 hit disks, KOL will murmur some insidious suggestions: "TV is a crashing bore." "Goodness, isn't TV dull?" and "Those TV westerns are all the same." Planned but scissored at the last minute: "TV gives you eye cancer." Says a KOL executive: "These jazzy little radio subliminals may not take anybody off the TV kick, but putting them on the air will be a form of public service that will make everybody feel good."

The Word Jockey

Paul Gibson, 50, a breezy, blond-mustached one-man show, sings no songs, spins no disks, reads no news, conducts no interviews, but manages somehow to keep 23 sponsors happily shelling out for his 13 mellifluous hours a week over Chicago's WBBM. A self-styled "word jockey," Gibson just talks, about anything from sex to Sputniks. After 16 glib years on radio, he is now also talking on TV. "Don't bother to look at me," he assures fans on his 45-minute daily early-morning show. "I'll tell you if something is on-camera that you must see. Go ahead, take a shower, change the baby's diaper."

Stones & Ecstasy. Last week, in his deep, sleepy, Godfrey-like voice, Gibson scattered pearls of wisdom from Seneca to Shaw, philosophized about unreasonable husbands, holes in pants pockets, in-laws, self-improvement, reformers and movie censorship ("Upon what kind of filth do these our censors feed, that they have become so pure?"). Though he draws on a subject file of 6,000 cross-indexed listings for his conversational ploys, Gibson never uses a script, a Teleprompter or an "idiot card," even ad-libs his commercials. He makes it a jaunty habit to breeze into the radio studio scant seconds before air time, hits his chair talking.

The word jockey's favorite topic: women. Baiting them—as shrewish, lazy, selfish—is his technique for keeping them tuned in and writing 1,500 letters a week. An expert on the subject after five marriages, Gibson says: "Women are really happiest when they are being abused. It's impossible to keep a woman comfortable and happy at the same time. I've lost more wives that way. I throw the verbal stones and the women lick their wounds and lie back in ecstasy." Sample stone: "Nothing makes a woman look more like a bag than wearing a sack."

As his single concession to TV, the chatter is usually preceded by a Gibson-wrought gimmick: Gibson sliding onto the set in a Mercedes-Benz, riding a horse across stage, standing in a snowstorm outside flinging snowballs, or giving heli-

copter lessons from a whirlybird hovering above the station parking lot.

Up the Cliff. Born the son of a diet-faddist physician on a ranch near Palm Springs, Calif., Gibson grew up haunted with "recurrent dreams about clawing my way up the face of a cliff." At 18 he clawed his way onto the old Los Angeles *Record* because "at the time I was under the misapprehension that being on an afternoon paper meant that you worked only in the afternoon." Ever since, through numberless odd jobs on newspapers and in radio, he has been getting



Art Sizer

WBBM's PAUL GIBSON
Scattering pearls and wives.

up "at the crack of dawn and hating every morning of it."

From the top of the cliff, Gibson claims to have "the most profitable participating radio show in the U.S.," with gross billings of about \$1,000,000 a year. For his erratic ramblings—some bright, some boring—the draws about \$150,000 a year, a sizable chunk of which goes to his five ex-wives. "I have to take 800 bucks a week right off the top for the gals before I start paying for anything else." Nonetheless, Gibson is still an avid gallant. Says he: "I love women; it's only wives I have trouble with. But I always advise other people against divorce—if you get one, you might as well put up with her; the next one is likely to be worse."

On the Bounce

Like scaled stones skittering atop a lake, radio and TV signals ricochet from the electrically charged ionosphere. Some fall to earth in unpredictable patterns that baffle scientists. Because of the ionosphere's quirks, the man with the world's widest range of TV viewing may well be an English electronics engineer named George F. Cole. His address: Salisbury,



**"I brought back a lot
of new ideas from
Puerto Rico—including
rum on the rocks!"**

*says Lawrence Earle
of Berwyn, Pennsylvania*

"Suddenly I notice everybody talking about Puerto Rico—and its *rum*," says Larry Earle. "Now that I've been there, I know why."

"I'd always thought of rum as a cocktail drink. But Puerto Rican rum is brilliantly light. Like sunshine. And so dry they serve it *on the rocks*."

"Puerto Rico is fascinating for other reasons too. Quiet beaches. Glittering night life. First-rate fishing and grand opera. It's a vacation paradise."

◀ "I could see mountains, ancient fortresses and sun-washed beaches from my hotel in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Earle. "Here's where I discovered rum on the rocks." Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.



in communications...no substitute can do what copper does!

Over the miles or just next door, even the tiniest sound travels far better because of copper. For only copper, of all non-precious metals, carries electrical energy so well. In the production of wire, cable and countless communication equipment parts, copper brings unmatched speed and economy to drawing, forming, stamping and shaping. No other economical metal combines so much strength with such resistance to rust, corrosion, wear and stress. In communications as in scores of other fields...no substitute can do what copper does.





Curtis Brindergast

SOUTHERN RHODESIA'S COLE
TV from 5,200 miles away.

Southern Rhodesia, thousands of miles from Europe's transmitters.

Cole started to fiddle with complex antennas in 1955, was soon picking up a babble of languages but no picture. Then he set up a great rhombic aerial, a "V" that spread over 80 ft. of ground. In came a ghostly television image from London, 5,200 miles away. When he tried for continental stations, he had even better luck with a standard German TV set and a simple suburban-type aerial. Across his 17-in. screen flickered the Pope celebrating Easter Mass at St. Peter's in Rome, tennis at Wimbledon, opera from Bremen.

This week Engineer Cole is anxiously awaiting delivery of a 90-ft. steel TV aerial mast, which he plans to plant in his garden. Cole already gets plenty of sound from Los Angeles and Boston and an unidentified U.S. town where the air is full of messages for a company called Alexander's Radio Call Service. With his new equipment he hopes to unscramble the zebra-striped images he gets from U.S. TV stations.

Highbrow's Delight

Probably nowhere west of the BBC's Third Program could the twist of a radio dial bring such a flood of culture and sophisticated political variety. One day on San Francisco's KPFA-FM there was a book review by Bohemian Poet Kenneth Rexroth; the next, a talk by Art Critic Hubert Crehan on "The Scandalous Art of D.H. Lawrence"; the day after, a performance of Paul Claudel's *Christophe Colomb* in French with Jean-Louis Barault; and for the kiddies a dramatization of *The Wind in the Willows*. Listeners could tune in talks by a pacifist, a spokesman for the Socialist Workers Party, the conservatives' conservative Russell Kirk, and a psychiatrist who testified at the

trial of Leopold and Loeb in 1934. In between, music poured forth steadily—much of it by string quartets and seldom-heard modern composers. There were no commercials. All in all, it was a typical week in the life of the radio station that has become the highbrow's delight.

Angels Anonymous. The idea for KPFA began in 1946 when the late Louis Hill, fed up with imitative commercial broadcasting, quit his job as White House and Senate correspondent for WINX in Washington, D.C. After settling down in San Francisco, he collected a group of friends, started raising money for a station that would be supported not by commercials but by listener subscription. By 1949 Hill had enough money to set up a studio near the Berkeley campus of the University of California, but after 15 months on the air he had so few subscribers that he had to close down. Berkeley citizens called a mass meeting, raised \$2,300 on the spot, and enlisted 250 volunteer fund raisers. A radio manufacturer donated a \$12,000 transmitter, listeners donated \$30,000, the Fund for Adult Education plunked down \$150,000 and KPFA was in business again.

Today the station operates (at 94.1 mc) on a \$100,000 annual budget, raised from its 6,000 subscribers and from scores of angels—some of them anonymous—across the U.S. who may not be able to tune in but feel in tune with the idea. Lecturers and performers get no pay; musicians play for a minimum of \$8 a show. The station has a deal with both BBC and CBC to rebroadcast whatever it likes, borrows all the records it can use from local music shops.

Back to Balinese. It plays anything from Bach to esoteric jazz. There have been concerts on the Royal Watasi drums, and by the Balinese Gamelan Orchestra. Drama ranges from *Eumenides* to *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, poetry readings from Robert Frost to Allen (Hazel) Ginsberg, lectures from former Amherst President Alexander Meiklejohn to Alan Watts, expert on Zen Buddhism. Once a week Russian Specialist William Mandel reports for 15 minutes on what Russians are being told by their newspapers and magazines. No cause is too controversial to get a hearing. Example: KPFA gave air time to Congressman Robert Condon to defend himself against charges of being a security risk. "No point of view is excluded," says one station official, "so long as it is presented with conviction and with respect for the responsibilities of freedom."

This month KPFA got FCC's approval of its plan to spread its Devonshire cream to an outlet in Los Angeles, hopes that some day its experiment in listener-supported radio will become a national trend. Says Director Harold Winkler, one-time professor of government at Harvard, who took over after the death of Founder Hill last July: "Our role is that of the educator in the great tradition of *Paideia*—the unity of civilization, culture, tradition, literature, art and education, with a background of joy and wit."

VIEWPOINT: ADVERTISING

Nothing Hidden

Ted Bates & Co. is a \$100 million advertising agency, proud of the fact that "it has never lost a client." Chairman of the Board at Bates is a crisp, forceful son of a minister, Rosser Reeves, behind whose suave spectacles lies a mind of substance and integrity. "Hidden Persuaders," indeed! "says Rosser Reeves, "Advertising works right out in the open, in the white, bright sunlight. I wish more Americans understood what it really means to all of us."

Ad-Less Curtain

Rosser Reeves was captain of the U.S. Chess Team when it went to Moscow in 1955. In Russia, he talked to Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders, saw a completely ad-less society, further sharpened his respect for the way things work back home.



REEVES:

Wants strong vocal cords for
American business.

"The difference between the 'free world' and the 'slave world,'" says Reeves, "is free enterprise. Advertising is its vocal cords, its very voice, and it's a sound Karl Marx never dreamed of. Cut these cords or mute them, and there will be even broader smiles on Kremlin Hill."

Life-Blood

"Advertising, too," says Reeves, "is the life-blood of the free press. I saw no advertising in Moscow, and I heard only the voice of the Communist party, telling the people what it wanted them to hear."

"Advertising is the life-blood of consumption, too. One glance at Moscow's barren, empty shop windows—devoid of consumer goods—would convert anybody to the competitive system, and the advertising which supports it," concludes Reeves, typical of today's advertising professionals whose socially-conscious point of view goes far beyond Madison Avenue.

Published as a service to the advertising
industry and the
consuming public by

McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness

SCIENCE

Engines of Solids

The biggest excitement in the missile-preoccupied Pentagon is the rapid progress of solid-propellant rockets. Not only the solid fuels have been improved. So have the engines that were once full of faults. The details of these improvements are still secret, but they can be described in general terms.

A potential trouble spot in any rocket engine is the nozzle through which the hot gases escape into the air. Liquid fuels can be used to cool the nozzle, circulating through its hollow walls or seeping through small holes to provide a protective layer on its inner surface. Solid fuel cannot do this, but other means have been developed to keep the racing gases from destroying the nozzle. It is lined with some such high-melting-point material as graphite or zirconium oxide. As the fuel burns, the nozzle enlarges somewhat because of erosion, but the burning rate of the fuel is planned so that the pressure of the gases remains where it should be.

Load into Speed. Liquid-fuel rockets burn their fuel only as fast as their pumps, which must be kept light, can deliver it to the combustion chamber. This limitation keeps the thrust comparatively low, and low thrust means a long burning time. Thus, a heavy load of fuel is carried to high altitude against the pull of gravitation before it is burned and its energy turned into speed.

Solid-fuel rockets avoid most of this waste of energy by burning their fuel very fast—in a few seconds, if desirable. Instead of struggling painfully off the ground as liquid-fuel rockets do, the solid-fuel bird can be gone in a flash. Its higher speed while still in the dense lower atmosphere costs something in aerodynamic drag, but since solid-fuel rockets have no pumps, valves or plumbing, they are more compact and can slip through the air more easily.



NIKE HERCULES
Dry and high.

U.S. Army

All the fuel of a solid-fuel rocket is in a single, roughly cylindrical container, and when the fuel burns, the container's walls are subjected to high pressure. They must be strong but also light, and one of the most promising materials is sheet plastic reinforced with glass fibers. Neither plastic nor glass is heat-resistant, but they do not need to be. The fuel burns from the center outward, and the unburned portion of it protects the wall from heat until nearly all the fuel is gone.

Control by Blow-Off. To hit a distant target accurately, a long-range ballistic missile must be steered in the right direc-

tion and must attain the right speed. If it is traveling 23,000 ft. per sec. (15,600 m.p.h.), an error of 1 ft. per sec. in its top speed will make it miss its target by 500 yds. So when the desired speed has been reached, the thrust must be cut off accurately in a small fraction of a second. This is not too difficult with liquid-fuel rockets, whose thrust can be cut by shutting off the fuel. Solid-fuel rockets cannot be controlled in this simple way, but other effective ways have been developed. One of them is to blow off part of the nozzle, or the pressure-wall, when the right speed has been reached.

The pressure inside the rocket falls abruptly. The fuel stops burning, and the thrust drops to zero. If this kind of cut-off is not accurate enough, small vernier rockets can be used to give the proper amount of extra push. Or retro-rockets thrusting in reverse can shave a few feet per second off the rocket's speed.

Solid-fuel rockets still have their weaknesses. They must be shipped pretty much in one piece, which is difficult in the case of very large birds. Their fuel has improved enormously in the last few years, and will surely improve still more, but it still does not have the propulsive force of the best liquid fuels.

Offsetting these disadvantages are the simplicity and ruggedness of the solid-fuel rockets. They have no pipes or valves to leak, no pumps to malfunction. Unlike their liquid-fuel rivals, which take hours to check and fill, a solid-fuel rocket is always ready to go. Set on the launching pad, it is always ready to have its fire lighted.

Both the Army and Navy, furiously at work on solid-fuel rockets, are smug about their achievements and prospects. Even the Air Force, which is deeply committed to liquid-fuel rockets (Atlas, Thor, Titan), is going in for solids.

One specific Air Force proposal is not to develop liquid-propelled missiles for operational use after 1962. Liquid-fuel rockets may still have a future in space travel, but many Pentagon experts believe that their military cutoff point is in sight.

What Killed the Dinosaurs?

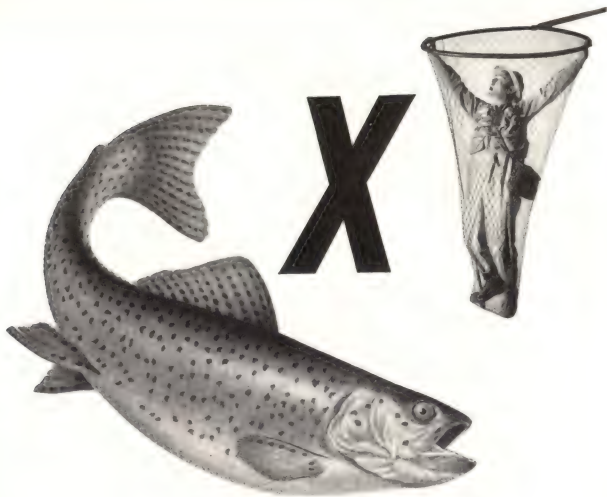
One hundred million years ago the monstrous dinosaur was the king of beasts. Then the dinosaurs suddenly died off, leaving dominance of the earth to smaller, warm-blooded mammals. One theory is that the great die-off was caused by a sudden change of climate. Another is that the slow-witted, blundering dinosaurs could not cope with mammals that destroyed their eggs. Biochemist Albert Schatz of National Agricultural College, Doylestown, Pa. has a third theory: that the evolution of modern plants was the death of the dinosaurs.

According to Dr. Schatz, the dinosaurs were sluggish beasts whose metabolism (vital chemical processes) was so slow that they could keep their vast bodies alive without a great deal of food. In their age, he thinks, the earth's atmosphere did not contain so much oxygen



DINOSAUR AT LUNCH
Big and weak.

Colver Service



How to fish for men

with the help of Air Express and Extra-Fast Delivery.

This is the story of a big *profit* that didn't get away. Seems that when a run of fish develops anywhere in the country, men from miles around rush to buy rods, reels, hooks, everything. The fish won't wait, and fishermen can't. So an alert manufacturer casts his net in these moneyed waters, and lands the business — with the help of Air Express. He speeds deliveries to stores, even thousands of miles away, no later than *overnight*.

If you, too, would like to land extra sales — no matter what you sell — call Air Express, the name with the "X" in it. For Air Express is the *only complete* door-to-door air shipping service to thousands of U.S. cities and towns. It multiplies your selling opportunities with 10,212 daily flights on America's scheduled airlines — plus fast pick-up with 13,500 trucks (many radio con-

trolled) — plus a nationwide private wire system. Yet Air Express is inexpensive; a 15 lb. shipment from South Bend, Indiana to Grand Junction, Colorado costs only \$8.03 with Air Express — \$1.68 less than any other complete air shipping method. Explore all the facts. Call Air Express.



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CALL AIR EXPRESS  **... division of RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY**



Big news on the road today is Quaker State. Every drop of Quaker State Motor Oil is expertly refined from only the purest Pennsylvania oil stocks. Quaker State gives cleaner, smoother performance in *all* car engines. Be sure to ask for **Quaker State . . . it's the best motor oil money can buy!**

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

as it does today. The dominant plants were mostly gymnosperms (conifers, ginkgos, etc.) that did not excrete so much oxygen as modern plants do.

Burnout. The dinosaurs evolved in this oxygen-poor atmosphere and were adjusted to it, but when the angiosperms (modern broad-leaved plants and grasses) became dominant, the dinosaurs were headed for trouble. The vigorous angiosperms excreted so much oxygen that they changed the atmosphere. The oxygen-rich air increased the metabolism of the dinosaurs. They were compelled to live at a faster rate, and they could not gather the vast amounts of food their speeded-up bodies called for. So they burned out and died out, while the newly evolved mammals, well-adapted to oxygen-rich air, took over the earth.

Another theory is that supernovae did the dinosaurs in. During the last thousand years, say Astronomers V.I. Krasovsky and I.S. Shklovsky of the Soviet Union, at least five supernovae (exploding stars) have been visible from the earth. Starting with this information, they calculate that every 200 million years or so a supernova explodes not more than 26 light-years (160 trillion miles) away from the earth.

The explosion is quite an event; for a couple of weeks the supernova gives as much light as 200 million suns. The Russian astronomers do not think that a brief burst of light from a supernova 26 light-years away would have much effect on the earth. Much more serious, they think, would be the vast amount of cosmic rays streaming out of the wreckage of the shattered star. For a few hundred or thousand years after the explosion, the number of cosmic rays hitting the earth would be many times greater than it is today.

Siege of Rays. Cosmic rays are held responsible for many of the genetic mutations that make sudden changes in the heredity of plants and animals. So if cosmic rays increase because of a nearby supernova, mutations will probably increase in proportion. Since most mutations are harmful or even deadly, the effects on some forms of life might be disastrous.

Long-lived animals would suffer most because their reproductive tissue would accumulate damage over a long period. Their mutation rate might be doubled, think Krasovsky and Shklovsky, if cosmic rays were stepped up by three to ten times the present number. They might accumulate enough harmful mutations to destroy the species.

The great dinosaurs of 100 million years ago probably reproduced slowly, as big modern animals do. So the Soviet scientists suggest that a few centuries of intense cosmic rays from an exploding star may have killed them off. Small, fast-breeding animals, such as the primitive, ratlike mammals of the time, would not be damaged as much. So the mammals survived the siege of cosmic rays. After the supernova had died down, some evolved into forms almost as big as the dinosaurs.



This interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, at the Battle of Bannockburn, was painted especially for Chivas Regal by the artist Phil Hays. It vividly reproduces the effect of mosaic—the art form of ancient Byzantium, later highly developed in Italy.

Sovereign in flavor, 12 year old Chivas Regal is the glory of the Highlands...and the most wanted premium Scotch whisky in America.

CHIVAS REGAL
12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Scotland's Prince of Whiskies



For Restaurant Supply: Monetta Inc.
Whisky: Imported by Monetta Inc.
Scotch Whisky: 100% Grain Neutro
47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°) 100% Grain Neutro
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New sights! Low prices! 30% off on fares!

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You see the real grandeur of the Andes in snow-capped volcanoes like El Misti (shown here). Read all about South America in *New Horizons**, complete book of up-to-date travel facts from over 900 places on six continents. Only \$1. Write today to Pan American, Dept. 175, Box 1111, New York 17.

*Pan American World Travel Guide

to go to South America

You feel as if you were in another world as you fly around this magic continent which is blessed with age-old scenery, brand-new hotels, and every climate under the sun.

Cool highlands, warm beaches, valleys of Eternal Springtime . . . and they're close to colorful cities with individual charm. You'll see historic Panama, colonial Lima, scenic Santiago, sophisticated Buenos Aires. And serene Montevideo, skyscrapered São Paulo, carnival Rio.

And here's the carefree, economical way to see them all. 28-day *Pan Am Holiday #703* based on 30-day excursion fares 'round South America. Includes ultrafine hotel tours, extensive sightseeing, round-trip tourist flights. It takes you down one coast to Buenos Aires and back the other for only \$988.40 from New York. Radar-equipped DC-7Bs and DC-6Bs throughout. No change of plane to either coast from New York. Only 10% down on Pan Am's World-Wide Plan. Go Now - Pay Later.

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You can sink your teeth into the juiciest steaks you ever tasted and chuckle over the cost. Favorable rates of exchange lower the price of many luxuries in South America. You'll find bargains in alligator articles, furs, inset stones, silver, copper and wools. This is truly a place where you can spend a little and save a lot.



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Turn on today's Smith-Corona Electric, and instantly you see one of its many features. Its Signal Light gives immediate and positive on-off indication.



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All the operating controls are grouped efficiently within the keyboard area. Result: No waste motion, less chance for error and faster, easier, better typing.



Exclusive Half Spacing—easiest and simplest method of error control. It permits corrections without time-consuming (and costly) total re-typing of a page.



Every Smith-Corona Electric feature is designed to bring you the finest possible typing—at a speed faster than that of any other typewriter in the world.

SMITH-CORONA ELECTRIC

SPORT

Scoreboard

¶ Sprinting in nearly perfect step, Australia's 19-year-old Herb Elliott and Mervyn Lincoln whipped across the finish line of a mile race in Perth, Australia in the identical time of 3:59.6. The winner by microseconds: Elliott, running his third successive mile in under 4 min. In Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Dublin's Ron Delany loafed through the second and third quarters but finished flat out to win in the slowpoke time of 4:10 over Hungary's Istvan Rozsavolgyi, who was running his first race in the U.S.

¶ In Melbourne, Australia's Johnny Monckton, a 19-year-old carpenter, bettered the world's record for the 100-meter backstroke by .7 sec, with the time of 1:01.5, later led off the Aussies' 440-yd. medley relay team that thrashed home in 4:19.4 to lower the world's record by .6 sec. Meanwhile, sturdy, 14-year-old Chris von Salza of Saratoga, Calif., swimming in a nearby San Jose pool, set three U.S. records in one astounding afternoon with times of 57.0 sec. for the 100-yd. freestyle, 4:54.8 for the 440-yd. freestyle and 5:37.5 for the 500-yd. freestyle.

¶ Pirouetting through a flashing freestyle skating exhibition, New York City's

Pampered Poodle

When they rummage through clues to their past, future anthropologists may find no more intriguing tribal customs than those practiced at the 82nd Westminster Kennel Club dog show, the two-day rite that packed Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week with 2,500 dogs and 40,000 humans.

Well-dressed but rudely shoved crowds bellied up to endless rows of benches to adore nearly 100 varieties of dog. The air bristled with ammoniac fumes. To prepare the quadruped idols for the worshipping throng, handlers laved them in exotic ceremonies. They rubbed chalk into the hides of sheep dogs and collies to stiffen and brighten the white areas. Some anointed the beasts with such hair beautifiers as Helene Curtis Spray Net and Adorn. One high priestess to an Airedale lusted her dog with beer and brilliantine to stiffen and shine its coat. Terrier handlers carefully plucked hair from their dogs' legs and chests, leaving a pile of red fuzz on the floor. Rumors flew that some of the competitors even had eye drops to enhance their pupils. And to keep up morale, Abercrombie & Fitch was on hand with gifts not only for the dog, e.g., rubber fire hydrants, \$1, but also for the owner (imported silk ties emblazoned with dog heads, \$8.50).

Shorn Rump & Hock. At the climax of the ritual, a livestock farmer in a dinner jacket squatted before six dogs already judged best of their groups and poked, prodded and peered with fervor while the animals danced through their paces. Said Judge William W. Brainard Jr., the Jersey farmer who made the final choice of the best dog: "Believe it or not," said Brainard. "it was a very close decision." After communing with himself he bestowed the blue ribbon on Ch. (for Champion) Puttencove Promise, a pure white standard poodle.

Forebears of Puttencove Promise and the thousands of other poodles in the U.S. were working dogs, alert, spring-legged animals, clever enough to serve as performers in traveling French circuses. They were capable retrievers in the field; their sensitive noses and remarkable swimming ability made them favorites among hunters. Virtually all that today's show poodle has to remind it of its ancestors is an elaborate coiffure that once made sense. The luxuriant ruff left thick from head to hindquarters provided warmth when working outdoors in hunting weather. The short-shorn saddle over the rump and the shaven legs with bracelets of hair over hock and foot allowed the dog freedom of action while swimming and still provided necessary protection against heat and cold.

Crushed Rock & Music. Puttencove Promise, of course, needs no such special adaptation. Born in Manchester, Mass., at kennels owned by Mrs. George Putnam, the three-year-old male has lived all its

life in lap-dog luxury. Ever since it was ten months old, it has had a two-hour brushing every two days. It is clipped once a week, gets an extra clipping and has its teeth brushed before every show. And only before shows does Puttencove Promise get bathed; the dog just never gets dirty. In wet weather it is exercised on an outdoor run covered with clean, crushed rock; when the sun is out, it is allowed to romp on a carefully groomed lawn. Its pen has a radio to supply soothing music and a carpet of brown paper,



Associated Press

CH. PUTTENCOVE PROMISE
Spooling spunk.

not the usual shreds of newspaper, for newsprint might soil the poodle's coat.

If they ever figure out what it all meant, future researchers may well point to all the pampering plus the ultimate triumph at the Westminster as the beginning of the decline of the poodle as a dog-show idol. Now pet shops across the country will stock up on the saucy dandies. They will be bred and inbred and inbred some more, until unpleasant traits develop and destroy their popularity. By that time the once-spunky hunter and swimmer will probably no longer have nerve enough to waver the foolish rosette on the tip of its shaven tail.

Measure of Safety

When the average driver tries to cut loose on a crowded highway, he is playing a dangerous game; first prize may be the last. But last week the dodgers and weavers got a break: At Florida's abandoned Fingler Beach Airport, even the local cops turned out to cheer as amateurs and pros whipped through brand-new driving tests devised by the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing. Instead of NASCAR's usual straiten dashes down the tide-smoothed sands of Daytona Beach, the association concocted its 1958 stock-model performance tests as a yardstick of automobile safety, based them on qualities that the average driver needs in the average car during an average turn



Associated Press

CHAMPION CAROL HEISS
Pirouetting pretty.

pert Carol Heiss, 18, came so close to graceful perfection that she made fans of the judges clustered around the rink at Paris' packed Palais des Sports, easily won the women's world figure-skating championship for the third year in a row. In the men's competition, front-running Tim Brown capsized during a challenging caper, and Colorado's Defending Champion Dave Jenkins, 21, came back to win for the second straight year.

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4-passenger
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MY CLOSEST SHAVE by Bill Bridgeman

Douglas Test Pilot



"My closest shave was during the first try at a speed record in the fantastic Douglas Skyrocket," says Test Pilot Bill Bridgeman, author of *The Lonely Sky*. "A special B-29 dropped me like a bomb at 30,000 feet... I turned on my rockets and climbed to 40,000... when suddenly all power failed. Rocket power, cabin pressure, heat—everything went—and the window frosted over so I couldn't see. Finally I got the radio going on an emergency battery... and a pilot in a chase plane talked me down to a blind landing!"

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at the wheel: maneuverability in downtown traffic and passing ability on the open highway.

MANEUVERABILITY was tested on a two-lane straightaway crossed by five intersections, complete with boulevard stop signs. Contestants stopped at each intersection, turned right into a 20-ft. dead end, backed across the road into another dead end, then made a left turn onto the straightaway and continued on course. Points were lost for a variety of violations—failing to come to a complete stop at intersections, rolling over the white stop line, failing to finish in the almost impossible time of 6 min., 20 sec.

PASSING tests took place on a three-quarter-mile "highway." Contestants trailed a pace car to the 600-yd. "passing area," then pulled out and tried to pass in as short a distance as possible. Each man made three passes while the pace car was traveling at 30 m.p.h., three passes while the pace car traveled at 50 m.p.h. Proper highway distances between cars were marked off by a red flag towed behind the pace car and another flag on a bamboo pole sticking out in front of it.

The speed-happy crew at Daytona Beach whipped through the safety tests at a far faster clip than the Sunday driver would dare. Contestants took off in the maneuverability trials with wheels screeching, barreled into intersections at 50 m.p.h. and jammed their brakes to the floor in a panic stop. In the passing trials, those whose cars had automatic transmissions rode behind the pace car with left foot on the brake, right foot heavy on the throttle. When the time came to pass, they simply released the brake. Already revving up to almost full power, the engine shot them ahead with a spine-jarring jerk.

Too Tough for Brakes. With the accent on speed, the maneuverability test became a rigorous trial for brakes. A pair of Pontiacs failed to finish even the first lap. Brakes completely shot, a Jaguar sailed helplessly across the finish line, scattering spectators with a steady wail of its horn. Winner was Professional Driver Mel Larson, 28, who tooted his 1958 Plymouth Savoy down the course so skillfully that he never kissed a course marker, never crossed a white line marking the 11-ft. traffic lanes. In second place: Pro Joe Weatherly, who brought his Ford Ranchero home less than 2 sec. behind Larson.

The passing tests belonged to the Pontiacs. At 50 m.p.h. they took the top three places; at 30 m.p.h. they took four of the first five places (Plymouth Driver Larson was second). Said Winner Jim McMichael: "You've got to pretend it's a real emergency to force yourself out fast and in fast. You've got to pretend a trailer truck is coming straight at you and is going to blast you to pieces if you don't get back in line. It also helps to take off for your pass as if you were leaving the scene of a bank robbery." With contestants careening down the road like bank robbers, the wonder was that there were no accidents.



Many a family's vacation begins in the pages of *BH&G*!

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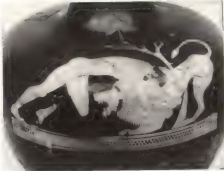
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HERACLES & LION (5TH CENTURY B.C.)



DETAIL FROM "GUERNICA" (1937)

ART

Man v. Man

Is there an underlying theme that runs through the history of art, from the figures scratched on walls of prehistoric caves to splashes and forms on contemporary canvases? There is, says Dorothy Norman, poet, editor, photographer, art critic and publisher (who captioned Edward Steichen's photographic show *The Family of Man*). Her thesis is expressed in a challenging show, on view this week at Manhattan's Willard Gallery, and soon to begin a U.S. tour sponsored by the American Federation of Arts. What man has been doing through the ages, says Dorothy Norman, is reporting on his own "heroic encounter" with himself.

To document her thesis, Mrs. Norman spent a year ruffling through the whole range of man's art, from the caveman to Picasso, searching for a "fresh correspondence between certain mythological concepts and life today." The subject she chose was the endless procession of legendary heroes locked in mortal combat with such ferocious beasts as the lion, wild bull and dragon. Treated with religious awe and epic endowments in their time, such old heroes never fade away, still have power in art. Dorothy Norman thinks she knows the reason. "Why," she asks, "do such age-old concepts as Theseus and the Minotaur, Job and Behemoth, continue to speak to us with such undiminished power?" Her reply: "Because they suggest to us not some remote force or personage, but phases of our own most essential struggle with ourselves."

Two-Faced Beasts. To bring her thesis into focus, Dorothy Norman assembled photographs of more than 100 art objects—the Assyrian Gilgamesh strangling a lion in an 8th century B.C. bas-relief, an Egyptian sculpture of the god Horus with lion-hunting gear, Heracles struggling barehanded with the Nemean Lion, as shown on a 5th century B.C. Greek vase, the herdsman subduing the ox in the Zen Buddhist *Ox-Herding Pictures*, a Russian icon showing St. George and the dragon. Oldest examples of her theme are drawings from the Lascaux Cave in France, done

more than 30,000 years ago; one of the most recent is the symbolic bull in Picasso's heroic *Guernica*. Tied together with texts culled from sources that range from the Bible to the works of Carl Jung, Mrs. Norman's show is sure to make the viewer ponder even if he does not agree with the far-reaching thesis.

Admitting that *The Heroic Encounter* is a personal interpretation, Dorothy Norman (whose work was in part financed by the Bollingen Foundation) digs deep to find the meaning of the symbols artists have used through the ages. She finds the beasts of art to be two-faced. The regal lion she equates both with the sun and man's consciousness, as well as with "the will to power, stemming from ego, pride . . . destructive forces to be faced, overcome, transmuted." The powerful, majestic bull she sees as lunar, the great progenitor who nonetheless partakes of the dark unconscious and "the lower material aspects . . . to be sacrificed, conquered, outgrown . . . so that the positive, creative energies may be released." The reason Theseus had to search out and slay the half-bull, half-human Minotaur in the labyrinth, she suggests, is that the beast represents the "misused powers of the 'bull' in man."

"What a Chimera." The hero in these epic adventures, says Mrs. Norman, is the pathfinder who dares all to gain self-mastery. He represents the struggle of everyman, whose role is to "transform the negative powers of the symbolic lion and bull—the 'dragon'—within ourselves." Such, she speculates, is the meaning of the Sphinx, an Egyptian ideal combining the conquered, negative aspects of the lion with the head of the wise, mature Pharaoh.

Mrs. Norman's *Heroic Encounter* is flavored by Jungian uplift and clouded by Zen exhortation. But in her display of man's art depicting his struggle, she sharply underscores the conclusion reached by France's great 17th century religious thinker, Blaise Pascal: "What a chimera is man, what an incredible being, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradictions, what a prodigy."

POETRY IN THE GARDEN

TOWARD the end of the sixth century, according to an old Japanese folk tale, a rich nobleman built himself a garden, placed an island in the middle of its lake and aroused such curiosity that he became famous. Ever since, garden designing has been regarded by the Japanese as a major art form (see *color pages*), and its changing patterns have reflected the country's historic development.

The first Japanese gardens were polychromatic, glowing with the blossoms of plum and cherry trees, calm with the gentleness of willows, luxurious with the gaiety of bright flowers. But a warrior class crushed the rule of the aristocracy at the end of the 12th century, and Japan's classic era faded into its middle ages. The warriors wanted no part of luxury, opened their gates to the disciplines of a religious philosophy imported from China: Zen Buddhism. Austere Zen masters became the new architects; the garden lost the color of blossoming trees and flowers, gained instead a richness of subtle green hues.

After years of devastating civil wars, the religion-cloaked warrior class crumbled in the 16th century. Japan's Renaissance was born, and with it the advent of one of Japan's most serene traditions: the tea ceremony—a symbol of respect, reverence and peace. As the tearoom won primary status in the home, the tea garden grew in importance. The new architects were the tea masters and the garden was carefully planned to symbolize each moment of the ceremony. Stepping stones, paved paths, sculptured water basins, the tranquil arrangements of trees and shrubs were tuned into a poem of peace. When a new warrior class emerged in the 17th century, the patterns had been set, the traditions well grounded. The military spirit of standardization served only to



TEAROOM GARDEN at Kyoto's Daitokuji Temple was designed by Tea Ceremonial Master Kabori-Enshu (1579-1647) as place to spend his retirement.

IMPERIAL PALACE at Kyoto. Heian period (794) structure, rebuilt in 1855, is best traditional design. White sand garden is raked daily for seascape effect.

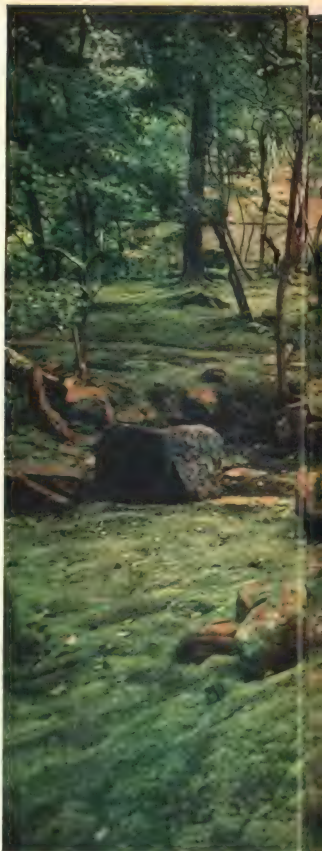




ROCK GARDEN of Kyoto's Ryoanji Temple uses stone in moss in sand to convey captive cliffs in water. Known as

kare sansui (dry landscape), design is outcome of tea-ceremony esthetic perfected in Momoyama period (1568-1600).

MOSS GARDEN of Kyoto's Saihoji Monastery was designed by Zen Buddhist Priest Muso Kokushi (1275-1351) as symbol of process of attaining supreme wisdom. Thickly carpeted with various kinds of moss, garden was officials' favorite.





IMPERIAL GARDEN of Katsura Villa, built west of Kyoto for Poet Prince Toshihito, is also attributed to Kobori-Enshu. It is considered Japan's greatest traditional garden.



SAND GARDEN of Kyoto's Silver Pavilion was added during Edo period (1650) as symbol of mountain-ocean harmony. Original garden was made by Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimasa in 1450.



spread throughout the land what was already established.

Today, amid new awareness that gardens form an integral part of architecture, the influence of Japanese garden design is growing. The 1954 exhibition of a Japanese house and garden at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art still holds the record as the museum's most heavily attended architectural show. Last week the same display was being reconstructed in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. Books on Japanese gardens (most recent: *Gardens of Japan* by the late Tetsuro Yoshida, famed Japanese architect) have become a must for the modern architect's library. After 14 centuries the art form started by that legendary nobleman is gaining new and important ground in the West.

Painter of Faith

Georges Rouault was unsurpassed in his medium. He was on the roster of the great French painting talents who broke into the 20th century in such garish, searing colors that they were called "Wild Beasts," but he stood apart from the rest. In an age given over primarily to secular beliefs, Roman Catholic Rouault was unabashedly a religious man. "I hope to paint a Christ so moving that those who see Him will be converted," he said. He became the greatest religious artist of his century.

Born during the shelling of Paris by the Prussians in 1871, Rouault was early apprenticed to a stained-glass maker, began painting on a religious theme while studying at the Beaux-Arts. He painted sin in the form of prostitutes, evil in the faces of dishonest judges, misery in the eyes of clowns—and finally he depicted faith and goodness in Christ. He expressed himself in paint so thick that at times it seems to glow like stained glass, at other times burns against the black outlines like live coals. Driven by an unremitting artistic conscience, he agonized over some of his paintings for 25 years before he finally considered them finished. Though his greatness is now undeniable, he lived in near penury until he was over 40. To gain a minimum of security, he signed an exclusive contract with Art Dealer Ambroise Vollard, agreeing to turn over all of the paintings in his studio for a mere \$10,000. After Vollard's death in 1939, Rouault brought suit, recovered some 700 of his own canvases, burned 315 of them as inferior.

In the last decade Rouault's canvases grew brighter, with a new profusion of yellows and greens, as though heaven's trumpets could sound joy as well as fearful contrition. "I have spent my life painting twilights," he said. "I ought to have the right now to paint the dawn." Last week, at his home in Paris, Georges Rouault, 80, died of uremia. During the last six months he had painted hardly at all. Said his daughter Isabelle: "He remained silent, absorbed before the unfinished canvases on the walls of his studio, as though he were seeking a final contact with himself."



"I'm tempted... to get a postage meter!"

Mr. Whichever is branch office manager of a knit goods firm. Weekends he golfs. However, this Saturday there came a phone call from a New York buying office. If he could get one sample, men's ski glove, wool, white, to 41 store buyers of the Northeast Amalgamated Group, he might get a big order! So Mr. W. is having a sticky time, stamping 41 packages for parcel post!...No wonder he's tempted to get a postage meter!

Now any office can have a postage meter and all the advantages of metered mail...get rid of lick-and-stick mailing, save time and postage. The little low-cost DM, desk model postage meter, was designed for the small office. One DM user in three averages less than \$1 a day for postage.

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attracted new industry and persuaded old industry to stay. It got us a new \$41 million shopping center, which will provide 5,000 new jobs, yield a million dollars a year in taxes.

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"Let's be realistic about it," states Mayor George Vergara. "That highway has been a shot in the arm for the 72,000 people in our city. It shook us out of our lethargy. Its benefits are everywhere—millions in new taxes and thousands of new jobs."

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"WE WERE READY TO LEAVE because of traffic congestion," declares David Kirschenbaum, President of Neptune Storage, Inc., one of the nation's largest long-distance movers. "But the new highway solved the problem and changed our minds. Instead we built a million dollar

headquarters here for our 500 people. Our trucks will be able to get on the new road in no time at all—operating faster and safer than ever before." Mr. Kirschenbaum, standing on the highway, can see the new terminal—just two minutes away for his 300 trucks and vans.



suaded the New Haven Railroad to make New Rochelle a major express stop for all its important trains. All this, before the highway is even open."

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NEW ROCHELLE'S NEWEST INDUSTRY is Rawlplug Co., Inc., world's largest manufacturer of expansion bolts. "We built here last year," says Frederic B. Powers, President, "for one important reason—the new highway. We do all our shipping to 39 branches by motor freight." Little more than two years ago this site was a non-revenue-producing lot.



"THAT TERRIBLE TRAFFIC JAM WILL BE GONE," predicts Walter G. Monahan, Managing Director of Arnold Constable, nationally known specialty store on heavily traveled U. S. 1. "Through-traffic will be diverted to the new highway. And hundreds of women, who were frightened at the thought of driving in it, will shop on Main Street more frequently."



"ON THIS SITE A \$41 MILLION SHOPPING CENTER," says Edward I. Aronow, Project Manager. "A perfect location, right off the new highway. Make no mistake about it, if that road hadn't been built here, neither would this center." The project will include two office buildings,

70 stores including a major department store, a hotel, and an 8,000-car parking garage. Nearby the city expects to level 74 acres of sub-marginal buildings to make room for low-cost housing. Twenty acres will be available for industrial sites and office buildings.

EDUCATION

Uncle Sid

Sidney Lovett, 68, chaplain of Yale University, is many things to many men. For some, he is the fun-loving chief figure in the Great Hoax of 1948, who appeared as the mustachioed guest speaker at a Yale charity banquet and had everyone convinced that he was Count Alexandri Cristea, "the oldest living member of the royal family of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen." For others he is the tolerant chaperon who turns up at student parties equipped with a London bobby's helmet and a whistle to blow should things get out of hand. He is also the coach of the Pierson College baseball team whose head is filled with major-league statistics, and trainer of the Pierson football team whose bag is crammed with adhesive tape, aspirin, oranges and a Bible. But to all Yaleness, Chaplain Lovett is the ever-genial "Uncle Sid," who has probably done more than anyone else to bring God and man together at Yale.

Cokes & Smokes. When Lovett ('13) returned to Yale as chaplain in 1932 after serving as minister in two Congregational churches in Boston, religion was not exactly in vogue on the U.S. campus. That year Yale offered only one religion course to its undergraduates, and only three students bothered to enroll. Lovett no sooner took over the course than its fame began to spread. He allowed his students to smoke and sip Cokes in class, insisted on only one rule: "If you must sleep, do it in a dignified position." But in spite of such informality, "Cokes and Smokes" proved to hundreds of students that the study of religion could be a rigorous and fascinating intellectual discipline.

When Lovett finally gave up the course in 1954, enrollment stood at 300. In 1944 Lovett headed a faculty study that had a profound effect on Yale. "If the nemesis of the strictly sectarian college is its dogmatism," the study declared, "that of the broadly liberal university is its aimlessness." Lovett and his committee recommended that Yale set up a full-fledged graduate and undergraduate department of religion, manned not only by theologians but by psychologists, anthropologists, historians and philosophers. The time had come, said they, to end the "idolatry of every discipline for itself," and to try to reconcile science and religion, and relate all knowledge to "the whole context of human life . . . It is only the universities, not the churches or seminaries, which can hope to discover how we may, without destructive schizophrenia, at once pray and question, and so be fully men."

Friendly Ambassador. While shaping his "Utopian Department" of religion, Uncle Sid was still always available to students in trouble. He considered himself, says one colleague, not so much a teacher and preacher as a "Christian pastor." He arranged loans, gave counsel, often acted as a sort of friendly ambassador between a boy and his parents. He could cheer a room with his gift for mim-

icry or by sporting one of his large assortment of strange hats. But his burdens were often heavy. Once a graduate student came to him and tearfully blurted that he had incurable cancer. It was Uncle Sid who taught the boy to live out the less than two years left to him fully and without fear.

Last week Uncle Sid announced that he would retire from Yale in June, and after a vacation at his home in New Hampshire ("There I might get acquainted again with



Donald Fitch

CHAPLAIN LOVETT
Pray, question and be fully men.

my three children and nine grandchildren") he and his wife will leave for Hong Kong, where he will serve as Yale-in-China representative at New Asia College. But in talking over his plans, he was not wholly his jovial self. "I shall miss the boys," said he, "the sinners as well as the saints." Yale's saints and sinners could say the same of him.

Wanted: Prestige

The University of Washington, one of the nation's biggest (15,500 students), was getting ready this week to take a look at a distinguished visitor who will also be its new president: Medievalist Charles Odegaard, 47, now dean of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts at the University of Michigan. In choosing him after an 18-month search, the regents expect to change not only presidents but the face of their university.

When Washington's President Henry Schmitz, 65, announced that he would retire, few tears were shed on his campus in Seattle. A former dean of the University of Minnesota's agriculture and forestry

college, he went to Washington in 1952. He was a kindly man, who meant and did well for the university in his own way. The biennial appropriations zoomed from \$22 million to almost \$38 million; faculty salaries rose an average 28%; research grants and contracts quadrupled, and a sizable new building program was begun. But in spite of all these accomplishments, Henry Schmitz's administration made some major bloopers.

In 1955, when the physics department wanted to invite J. Robert Oppenheimer to speak, Schmitz barred him as too controversial (TIME, Feb. 28, 1955). That action, said eight outside scientists who had planned to attend a conference at Washington, "clearly placed the University of Washington outside the community of scholars." The next year, citizens were shocked to learn that the regents had approved the use of the stadium for a professional football game, secretly designed to raise money to subsidize athletes. "It is fantastic," stormed one professor, "what a cheap price is put on 'education' at this school." Added another last week: "We've had an IBM-type administration, uncreative, and insensitive to what it is that attracts people to the academic life."

To his credit, Schmitz approved an elected faculty senate with wide policy-making powers, never showed vindictiveness in dealing with his critics. But even before his retirement, the regents were determined to get a man who would raise Washington's academic prestige.

In Charles Odegaard, who will take over his new job Aug. 1, they are sure that they have their man. A Harvard Ph.D., Odegaard arrived at Michigan the same year Schmitz went to Washington. In the next five years, his budget doubled to nearly \$7,000,000; the faculty increased from 522 to 707. More important, the already high standards on his campus soared even higher. The classics experienced a renaissance; a stiff science program was put into effect last year, and the honors program was extended to allow bright freshmen and sophomores to strike out on their own. Last week, as Michigan mourned the loss of its able dean, Washington rejoiced. Observed Seattle's weekly *Argus*: "Seldom has a new university president been so universally acceptable."

Quitte ou Double

The young contestant from Paris was a chemistry whiz. Hot as a Bunsen burner, Pierre Poirtral, 17, answered question after question on Radio Luxembourg's *Quitte ou Double*, the Gallic Double or Nothing that is Europe's most popular French-language radio quiz. When he was through talking of ekafission and the halides of uranium a fortnight ago, Pierre had won 2,048,000 francs (\$4,876.19) and was still going strong.

Because Pierre is an apprentice welder with little classroom training in chemistry, the French press turned him into a national celebrity. "By what detour," thundered Brussels' *Le Peuple*, "did Poirtral, incontestably gifted for the exact

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sciences, wind up working as an apprentice welder?

The fault lay mainly in the tradition-bound French education system, which makes it nearly impossible for a worker to get university training. But Pierre was also partly to blame. In elementary school he was rather bored by his studies, drifted into the two-year "complementary course" that is supposed to end a student's academic schooling at 16, prepare him for further vocational or commercial training.

There Pierre discovered the excitement of chemistry. Fascinated, he was soon spending his weekends poring over the science exhibits in Paris' "Discovery Palace." Later, at the three-year Welding Institute of the Ministry of Education, he

and practical lab work. Said Minister Billères: "You are free to accept or not." Chemistry Whiz Pierre needed no time for qualitative or quantitative analysis. "I accept," said he. "This will allow me to catch up. Then I can pull ahead."

Report Card

¶ Pulitzer Prizewinning Historian R. Carlyle Bulcy (*The Old Northwest*, Pioneer Period, 1815-1840) of Indiana University gloomily reported the results of an informal American history quiz he gave 90 of his students. Of the 90, only eight could identify the Bill of Rights, only four knew what a right-to-work law is, only 15 came anywhere near estimating the population of the U.S., and none could name a scholarly history of the country or an author who had written one. The best showing: 18 could describe the progressive income tax. But, said Historian Bulcy, "I'm sure the knowledge was gained at home; and not at school."

¶ Secretary Marion Folsom of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare added some more dismaying figures to convince the Congress that something must be done to help the nation's colleges and universities. In addition to the 18,000 new college teachers needed each year to replace those who retire or die, the colleges must have between 180,000 and 270,000 more by 1970.

¶ Clayton Buell, an official of the Philadelphia public school system, warned his colleagues of the dangers of a popular pedagogical trend. Said he in the current *Clearing House*: "The group determines all, in school. Pupils are made to feel they must go along with the group. . . . Even the extremely gifted pupil is told, 'What you need is to go out and play marbles with the other boys.' And we are partly right—he does have to learn to get along, but does he need to lower his interests and his actions to the average? . . . We have taught well the ideas of cooperation. On the other side of the picture, are we developing the individual? Are we putting enough of a premium on the pupils who are different, who are exceptional? Are we developing our geniuses, or are we averaging them out? Are we encouraging some individual thinking, or are we making group decisions paramount? Are we afraid of being branded 'intellectual snobs' if we suggest that the gifted be educated to the limit of their ability? Are we sacrificing our children on the altar of 'rugged groupism'?"

¶ Though \$6½ million in college scholarships is available each year, said the National Youth Scholarship Fund, some of the money will go to some rather special people. Examples: Pembroke has a scholarship for a girl who does not smoke. Yale has \$1,000 for a boy named DeForest. Princeton has a scholarship for an Eagle Scout and Harvard has funds for boys with the name Anderson. Baxendale, Borden, Bright, Downer, Haven, Murphy or Pennoyer—and also for an Iowan, preferably living somewhere along the Burlington. Among the Iowan takers: Nathan Pusey of Council Bluffs.



René Luxemburg

CONTESTANT PORTRAIT
One detour led to another.

spent every spare moment cramming chemistry texts, managed to sneak in 15 minutes of study before school and 15 minutes at lunchtime. With a near photographic memory, he had no trouble with his welding courses. Says he: "All I have to do is take the dictation down, and I remember it."

Last week Welder Pierre tried again to double his bet, and cracked. The question: "To prepare a substitute for chinawood oil, castor oil is submitted to a careful pyrolysis. What are the two volatile compounds that are formed as byproducts?" Pierre stood in anguished silence as the seconds and his millions slipped away. But after the disaster came a pleasant surprise: a consolation check for 1,000,000 francs from the sponsoring soapmaker.

As if that were not consolation enough, Pierre was summoned by *Quinté au Double* Listener René Billères, Minister of National Education. Pierre showed up straight from his welding classes, a scarf and lumberjacket hiding his work shirt. The minister proposed a scheme to circumvent his own system, suggested that Pierre work with two specially assigned teachers to prepare for college entrance

¶ Oenanthe and undecylenic acid.

3 out of 4 Dale Carnegie graduates increase their incomes

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From cowpunchers to steelpunch

— a GM yarn from deep in the heart

TEXAS TALK—John Vernon, Bill Leath (l.) and Olin Cribbs (r.) with John's champion quarter horse, Big Red. John is President of SISCO Steel, a General Motors supplier. Bill and Olin boss firm's truck fleet and sheet metal departments.



ers of Texas

ASK these three Texans to pick the most exciting time of their lives and it'll be a tossup between the time their quarter horse won his first race—and the time their company got its first General Motors contract.

But ask 'em what's meant the most to them in the long run and it'll be the GM contract, going away.

For as John Vernon, President of SISCO—the Southern Industrial Steel Company in Arlington, Texas—will tell you, it was that first GM contract that started his company growing Texas style.

Rounding Up New Business

SISCO tied in with GM when the Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac Assembly Division broke ground for its Arlington plant about five years ago. B-O-P needed a lot of custom steelwork—wanted to buy locally—asked SISCO to bid. SISCO did—and got a big contract.

But, as things turned out, that was only the beginning.

Riding High, Wide and Handsome

FOR SISCO has been supplying B-O-P in a big way ever since, has grown about 50% in the past five years, opened up a new plant in Houston with 32 employees—taken on about 60 extra hands in Arlington.

And most of those new hands are ex-cow-pokes who'd never worked in a factory before. But John Vernon and his side-kicks have turned 'em into some of the slickest steelworkers you'll find in Texas.

This is a Texas yarn but it's no tall tale. Like many other folks and firms in every state, SISCO and its people have shared in GM's success by filling GM's needs with competitively priced quality products delivered on time. Probably your friends, your town, or your area are also sharing in this success.



The Importance of Small Business to General Motors

Almost 50% of every GM sales dollar goes to outside suppliers. The various Divisions of General Motors deal with a total of 26,000 companies, supplying goods or services. More than 22,500 of these companies have less than 500 employees, and 16,000 employ fewer than 100.



Texas STEELPUNCHER—SISCO President John Vernon with a sample of his firm's custom-made steelwork. Texas company specializes in such steel, does big annual business with General Motors.



STEELMAN AT PLAY—Bob Vernon, who heads SISCO's Houston plant with his brother George (l. on fence), bulldozing calf in his dad's corral. Bob won his college letter and a chestful of trophies for roping and tying.



SISCO KIDS—Sales Engineer Dolan Maner and his wife Dor have two future football stars in sons Corky and Doug. Their new home is typical of homes bought by SISCO employees whose pay comes partly from business done by SISCO with GM.

GENERAL MOTORS—Good people to work for—Good people to deal with

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Inventory Drop

To U.S. businessmen, one of the prime reasons for the recession is the sharp dip in inventories. Last week the Commerce Department's figures showed just how sharp the cutbacks have been.

In the early part of 1957's fourth quarter, manufacturers shifted from increasing inventories at a \$2.4 billion annual rate to cutting them at a \$1.2 billion rate, thus producing an overall \$3.6 billion production cut for the economy. Then the recession accelerated rapidly. In November and December, said Commerce, manufacturers chopped inventories more than \$300 million each month, almost doubling the production cuts. Wholesalers cut orders so sharply that inventories tumbled \$300 million, bringing their annual reduction rate to \$3.6 billion. Retailers slashed their inventories so fast that store stocks plummeted \$1.9 billion in barely 30 days. On an annual rate, the fantastic cutbacks would reduce U.S. retail stocks (currently \$23.4 billion) to almost zero by the end of 1958. As a result of the cutbacks, the Federal Reserve Board industrial production index dropped three points to 133 in January.

No one knows when the inventory slide will hit bottom. Yet the cuts have been so drastic that few businessmen think they can continue much longer. Steelmen, operating at less than 60% of capacity, are making so little steel that first-quarter production may actually fall some 5,000,000 tons short of consumption, even with the big drop in steel use in Detroit. January auto sales were the most disappointing since 1954 with only 381,000 new cars

delivered—down 22.6% from December. Ford Motor Co., after record 1957 sales of \$5.8 billion (with profits of \$282 million), was off an estimated 30%; Chrysler Corp., with record 1957 sales of \$3.5 billion (and profits of \$120 million), tumbled an even sharper 34%, dropping back to 14% of the market. General Motors' sales dropped only 11%, and G.M. jumped up to 56% of the market vs. 46% last year. Nevertheless, the industry's overall sales were so far behind production that dealers' stocks rose to \$25,000 by Jan. 31, almost 35% more than the total last year at the same time.

As for sales of soft goods, they were still so strong that the U.S. Commerce Department reported January sales ahead of a year ago. All told, said Commerce, U.S. retailers did \$15.5 billion worth of business last month to start off 1958 with the greatest selling spree in history and a new record 5.4% better than last year's peak.

ADVERTISING

The Buick Winner

For eight busy weeks Buick Boss Edward T. Ragsdale shopped Madison Avenue looking for a new agency for the \$24 million Buick account (TIME, Jan. 6). In the sweepstakes a dozen agencies gave him every kind of sell—hard, medium and soft. He was mobbed by grey flannelled greeters, hailed by groups with big campaign buttons and placards plugging their wares. The only top agency that seemed to stand aloof was McCann-Erickson; everyone assumed it was not in the running because it already had the competing \$26 million Chrysler account.



CLIENT RAGSDALE & ADMAN HARPER
Aloof like a fox.

But last week Ed Ragsdale surprised everyone. From his Flint, Mich. office he called McCann-Erickson's President Marion Harper, whom he had met only once, and told him to hustle out. As Harper walked into the office, Ragsdale stuck out his hand and said: "Marion, we like your agency best."

Then Harper pulled a surprise of his own. He hurried over to Chrysler and told the astounded officials that, as of June 1, he was dropping their account. Why? One big reason is that Harper obviously sees a chance to land more G.M. accounts if he does a good job on Buick. Furthermore, there were prospects that Buick would step up its spending in an all-out effort to bolster its badly skidding sales, hurt by Buick's stodgy styling. Buick, in third place only two years ago, is now in fifth, behind Plymouth and Oldsmobile. What Ragsdale apparently wanted was the same kind of eye-catching "Forward Look" campaign that McCann-Erickson had worked out for Chrysler. He could also use some of McCann-Erickson's research facilities to find out how to make his car sell.

Along ad alley, Harper has pushed his agency out in front by emphasizing market research. The Oklahoma-born son of an adman, Harper graduated from Yale ('38) and joined McCann-Erickson as an office boy. He shot up fast, became president in 1948 at 32. Since then, he has quadrupled the agency's billings (Coca-Cola, Westinghouse, Chesterfield, etc.) to \$250 million last year, hopes eventually to push McCann ahead of the No. 1 agency, J. Walter Thompson.

The Buick choice by no means ended the excitement along Madison Avenue. At week's end the top agencies were scrambling just as hard for the Chrysler account that McCann-Erickson dropped. Up for grabs also is the \$5,000,000 Lincoln account. Young & Rubicam gave it up three weeks ago when it decided it could not get along with new Lincoln Boss James Nance.

TIME CLOCK

JETS TO EUROPE will start flying this fall, months ahead of schedule. Production of 600 m.p.h., 124-passenger Boeing 707-120s is moving so fast that Pan American World Airways will put three planes in service from New York to London (flight time: six hours) and Paris perhaps as early as October.

CHEAPER AUTO LOANS are expected. As a start, to finance inventories, big lenders have lopped 1½% to 1% off loans to dealers: General Motors Acceptance Corp. rates are down to 4½%; C.I.T. Financial Corp.'s to 5½%. Result: dealers' operating costs are lower, and retail buyers may drive harder bargains.

FORD VICTORY in hot 1957 auto sales is official. It nosed out Chevrolet for first time in 22 years, 1,492,617 to 1,456,288.

ANDREA DORIA SUITS will be settled out of court for about \$6,000,000. Two companies involved in 1956 sea disaster—Italian Line and Swedish American Line—have

pared claims from original total of \$116 million, expect to clean up most payments soon.

RED TRADE EMBARGOES will be eased again. Western Europe and Japan want restrictions loosened on metalworking machinery and equipment for chemical, oil, power and electronic industries. U.S. is expected to bow to pressure.

PAY-TV test is fizzling in Bartlesville, Okla. in major experiment. With subscribers to shows via coaxial cable down from December's 580 to 300, sponsoring Video Independent Theatres will drop prices from \$9.50 to \$4.95 a month.

AUSTRALIAN TRADE with Japan is looking up after years of bitter enmity. Chances are good that Japanese will land contracts for two Australian dams, one power plant, and two water-diversion tunnels.

EISEL SALES of more than 5,500 in January topped December by 18%.

OIL

The Do-It-Yourself Tycoon

(See Cover)

In Paris' fashionable George V Hotel, no accommodation is cheaper, none less fashionable than the two shabbily genteel, Y.M.C.A.-sized rooms of Suite 801. Last week, as it has been for weeks, 801 was registered only under the name of "Monsieur Paul." Inside it might have passed for a bookie's office or a convention caucus room. Dozens of papers were scattered over the floor. In the entrance hall, piles of string-tied boxes and suitcases teetered perilously. Around the rooms, in wild disarray, stood an unmade day bed, the cold remains of a meager meal, a collection of half-filled rum and Coca-Cola bottles. Amid it all sat a tall, heavy-shouldered man whose massive head, topped by long, reddish-brown hair, gave him the appearance of an aging lion. Contented as a man in the plush executive suite, American Oil Billionaire Jean Paul Getty, 65, probably the world's richest private citizen, went calmly about his work.

Again and again the phone rang. Getty answered with a clear but tentative voice—as if he expected the call to bring him some annoyance. He spoke with a Swedish importer who wanted 20,000 tons of fuel oil a month from Getty's Middle East fields. He turned down an invitation to lunch. He took a call from a shipbuilder in Tokyo about details of a new Getty supertanker. Turning to a pile of cables, he read a report on his new, 13-in. Mid-east pipeline, fired off an answer to a Turkish importer's request for a large quantity of crude oil. In midafternoon Getty received a distinguished visitor: John D. Rockefeller III, 51, scion of an older oil dynasty, who came to ask his financial support for a \$75 million art center in Manhattan. Getty expressed interest, made no commitment. Swiftly he worked through his business mail, answering the letters by scribbling a notation in the margins, then popping them into envelopes to mail back. Shortly after dark he left the hotel and mailed his letters, trusting no one else to perform this important job. Then he set out on his daily two-mile walk through Paris (he carries a pedometer to make sure he goes just the right distance), pondering along his way the problems of the world—his world.

J. Paul Getty's world is Getty Oil Co., the core of one of the most complex corporate structures ever built. As Getty Oil's president and chief stockholder, he owns or controls some 40 companies, ranging from Tidewater Oil Co. to firms that make trailers, own hotels, sell life insurance. Wherever Getty happens to be, there is centered the world of Getty Oil and its satellites. In an age of teamwork, J. Paul Getty is the last of a vanishing breed: an autocratic tycoon who runs his own show, has nothing but contempt for the modern, hemmed-in executive and the committee concept of running a business. "Most of the people in the top management of American business," says Lone Wolf Getty, "are promoted clerks, en-

gineers and salesmen. I like Benjamin Franklin's advice: if you want it done correctly, do it yourself. I do it all myself. How many others are there like me?"

Another Vanderbilt or Ford? Anyone who has ever crossed Paul Getty's path would agree that there is no one quite like him. He has not set foot in the U.S. in close to seven years, directs his business largely from minimum-rate hotel rooms in London and Paris. He carries his papers in a battered suitcase, often tied with string, stores all the other details of his empire in a brilliant, tenacious mind that stores up facts and figures like an electronic computer, can summon up on a moment's notice the week's linen bill at Manhattan's Hotel Pierre, which he bought in 1938 for only \$2,350,000,* or what it costs (\$82) every time a toilet is flushed at his rigs in the water-shy Neutral

To those who meet him casually, Getty appears to be a scholarly old professor or archaeologist. He is a man of varied talents who speaks five languages fluently, has a smattering of four more, reads Latin and ancient Greek, collects great art, can talk on many subjects, has written learnedly on both art and the more esoteric sport of weight lifting. Yet he is full of fears and phobias about accidents. He does not like to fly or be driven by a chauffeur (he drives his own Cadillac), or ride in an elevator until he has satisfied himself that the operator is experienced. Even crossing the English Channel, he usually takes the biggest ocean liners. He worships success; yet he has been married five times ("I sincerely regret all my divorces," says Getty, "because I don't like anything to be unsuccessful"). He complains bitterly about the necessity of tip-



GETTY (CENTER) WITH KING IBN SAUD (RIGHT) AT NEUTRAL ZONE PARLEY
An empire built by waiting.

Zone between Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. He never goes to business conferences, never meets with company directors, makes all important decisions—often taking only a minute to decide what a board of directors might daily over for weeks. When the president of one of his companies once ventured to make a suggestion, J. Paul Getty snapped: "Who does that fellow think he is? Why, he's nothing but a goddamned office boy."

* In the fall of last year the Pierre went cooperative, making it worth \$25 million to Getty, who still controls the property through a mortgage. Getty has also started construction of a 22-story, \$18,500,000 skyscraper, the Getty Building, on land he owns next to the Pierre on upper Fifth Avenue; it will be finished in the fall of 1968. Last year construction of another Getty property was completed: Mexico's plush, \$4,000,000 Hotel Pierre Marques at Revolucionero Beach.

ping (which he does sparingly), believes charity is bad because it keeps people from working. Some consider him a genius, others a charlatan—but few are indifferent to the personality of J. Paul Getty. Said a U.S. business acquaintance: "He is the worst man I've ever known." Said a Wall Street broker: "He is comparable to Henry Ford, Commodore Vanderbilt or Andrew Mellon."

Such appraisals have little effect on Getty. "I have no complex about wealth," he says. "I have worked hard for my money, producing things people need. I believe that the able industrial leader who creates wealth and employment is more worthy of historical notice than politicians or soldiers." Yet for his inspiration Getty looks backward to the great politicians and soldiers of history. One of his favorite pastimes is driving out to Waterloo and

standing alone on the spot where Napoleon directed his armies.

Industrial War. This week Getty has his own forces deployed for an industrial war as challenging as Waterloo. Part of his problem is the problem of the entire oil industry: a drop-off in demand for petroleum products that has created an oil surplus, production cutbacks and slipping prices. But the oil industry's knot-tiest problem—and Getty's crucial one—is imports. The U.S. Government's "voluntary" quotas on imports of crude have not cut them enough to satisfy independent U.S. producers, and the Government is being pressured to cut imports further or introduce mandatory quotas.

The squeeze on imports could not have come at a worse time for Getty. The bulk of his oil reserves lies in the Middle East, where he is the only individual operator in the same league with the big oil companies. From the wells of the Neutral Zone, 100,000 bbl. of oil gush daily from

tory. But not Getty. He has flouted the system, stirred up bitterness and resentment among his competitors (who are beating the quotas themselves by increasing imports of refined products) by keeping Tidewater's crude imports to an average of 64,100 bbl. a day—almost 100% over quota. Getty realizes that as long as the rest of the industry toes the mark—and thus keeps overall imports under the overall quota—the Government is helpless to force Tidewater alone to conform, since it cannot make the quota mandatory for only one company.

Getty is also getting ready to protect himself abroad while battling quotas in the U.S. He has just finished a \$5,000,000, 50,000-bbl.-a-day refinery near his Wafra oilfield in the Neutral Zone, has an option on a building site in West Germany's Ruhr, where he is planning to build a \$12 million refinery. Getty's Wafra oilfield produces a sour crude that is ideal for heavy fuel oil, and Getty

bigger dinner at home. His diary of the time is a record of gleeful acquisitiveness: "Fine day. Papa gave me a quarter to put in my purse"; "Fine day. Mama gave me ten cents."

When Paul was eleven his father moved to Indian Territory (soon—1907—to be a part of the new state of Oklahoma), began to search for oil on a barren, sandy track that had cost him \$500. He hit oil with his first well. A few years later he was a millionaire—and Paul was bitten by the oil bug himself.

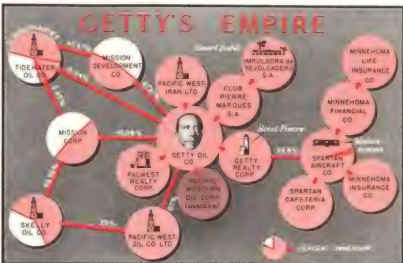
The First Million. The Gettys moved to Los Angeles, where Paul's love of books earned him the high school nickname, "Dictionary Getty." After two years at the University of Southern California and the University of California at Berkeley, and a year studying economics at Oxford, Paul took a world tour on a \$250-a-month allowance from his parents. In 1914, at 21, Paul Getty arrived in Tulsa, Okla., ready for work. He began buying and selling oil leases with his father's backing (on a 30-70 split). In his first year he made \$40,000, announced elatedly: "I will stay in Tulsa until I make a million dollars." By June 1916, just 19 months after he started on his own, he had made it.

Getty went back to Los Angeles and joined his father in buying and selling leases and drilling wildcat wells. He took up body-building, hired professional wrestlers to tussle with him in his basement gym. By night, he squired a galaxy of bright young girls through the best West Coast nightclubs. In 1923, at 30, he married Jeannette Demont, 18, whom he had met in Los Angeles. Three years later, after the birth of his first son, George Franklin Getty II, they were divorced in Mexico. Next year Paul married Allene Ashby, 17, a Texas rancher's daughter and excellent horsewoman.

Be Thrifty. Paul's first divorce shocked his father, a Methodist turned Christian Scientist, but he had recovered enough by 1928 to sell his son a one-third interest in George F. Getty, Inc. for \$1,000,000. Just three weeks later Paul took his third wife, Adolphe Helme, 18, daughter of a German industrialist. That was too much for George Getty. When he died in 1930, he left Paul only \$500,000 of his \$10 million estate. Most of the rest went to Paul's mother, a tough-minded old lady of sturdy Scots-Irish stock.

Paul was not overly distressed—he was well on the way to making his fourth million. But, overwhelmed by admiration for his father's accomplishments, he set out to prove that he could do much better. His formula was simple: "Be thrifty, save a little money, and leave a small surplus for investment." When the Depression hit, Getty decided to invest the small surplus, figured it was a lot cheaper and safer to buy stocks of oil companies than to take chances searching for oil.

Life with Mother. Getty's timing was perfect, says he: "I made my money by buying when other people didn't want to buy." His eye lit on Pacific Western Oil Corp., a holding company with huge oil reserves and plenty of cash. Its stock had



beneath the golden sands, and 5 billion more in proven reserves lie under the surface (nearly one-sixth as much as all U.S. reserves, but much less than the "tens of billions" Getty says will eventually be proved up in the zone). To move his share of this flow (50%). Getty has already built seven supertankers, has 16 more abuilding and on order in shipyards in France and Japan; by the time he has finished, his fleet will be one of the world's biggest, worth well over \$200 million. Most important of all, Getty seraped Tidewater's huge, outmoded refinery in Bayonne, N.J. and in its place built the world's most modern refinery (cost: \$200 million) 15 miles south of Wilmington, Del. But Tidewater's import quota for the refinery, under the voluntary program, was set at only 34,200 bbl. daily—less than half of what it needs to operate efficiently—so, the \$4,600 bbl. that Tidewater had scheduled.

Good Prospect. Most oil companies are obeying the voluntary quotas for fear the Government will make them manda-

plans to channel 85% of his production to fuel-hungry Europe, leave his Tidewater refineries to depend on U.S. crude if quotas are stiffened. Getty is convinced that he has outflanked not only the Government and his competitors but the oil glut as well. "All in all," he chuckles, "I would say that the prospect is very good."

Fine Days. How did Getty become a billionaire? His enemies carp that his prospects were so good from the very start that he could not miss, say: "If your dad left you all that money, you could do it, too." This does justice to neither Jean Paul Getty nor his ambitious, strong-willed father. When J. Paul was born in 1892, George F. Getty was a prosperous Minneapolis lawyer. On the day when he heard his son's first wail, he calmly turned on his heel, strode downstairs and said to the maid: "Set another place for lunch." By the time Paul was ten, he had developed into so thrifty a lad that he went without lunch for months; instead, he saved the \$1.75 a week that he got to buy his school lunch, ate a



TIDEWATER'S NEW DELAWARE REFINERY
"How many others are there like me?"

Lord A. Brown

hit bottom at 2½. Paul bought 520,000 of its 1,000,000 shares, took control in 1932. He ruthlessly cut expenses, used the company's working capital for expansion or to buy into other Depression-harrassed companies. Pacific Western's top-heavy executive force was fired, then rehired at half the former salaries. Flushed with success, Getty got into the habit of making his executives stand at attention when they came into his office. For such conduct, even in a business noted for hard, ruthless tactics, he soon got a reputation as something special. Says a former associate: "Paul Getty was a one-man man. He was for himself, first, last and always."

Getty also began a battle with his mother for control of the Getty fortune. He wanted to put the money to work buying new properties, but mother Getty did not completely trust her son's judgment. Though she occasionally relented enough to back a few of his deals, she kept a tight hold on the money. Once, when Getty drilled a hole on California's Signal Hill that bottomed out on someone else's property, he tried to sell it to his mother. A friend warned her against buying. Said Mrs. Getty: "What you're trying to tell me is that Paul is a crook." Then she added proudly: "But he's awfully smart, isn't he?" Finally, she became convinced that her son was too smart to buck indefinitely. She sold her controlling interest in George F. Getty, Inc. to the company—in effect, to Paul, who was president—and threw in \$1,200,000 in stock and notes the company owed her. Noted Getty in his diary: "Mother rather thankfully resigned as director of George F. Getty, Inc."

"I Can Wait." Paul Getty now had plentiful oil reserves and cash for further conquests. For his next victim he picked one of the giants of U.S. oil: Tidewater (then called Tide Water Associated Oil Co., with assets of \$102 million), which was dominated by Standard Oil Co. (New

Jersey). Tidewater stock was selling at only \$2 a share when Getty began picking it up; between 1932 and 1934 he put out more than \$8,000,000 to buy the stock.

By swaps, deals, secret purchases, Getty waged a knock-down, drag-out fight for Tidewater that lasted for 10 years. When Standard Oil and Tidewater's President William F. Humphrey saw what Getty was up to, they hurriedly put together a new holding company called Mission Corp. They put into Mission 1,128,123 shares of Tidewater and 557,537 shares of Skelly Oil Co., a well-integrated oil company controlled by Standard; they then distributed the Mission Corp. shares to Standard's stockholders as a stock dividend, to keep Tidewater stock out of Get-

ty's hands. But Getty started buying Mission stock also, got one block of 200,000 shares from the Rockefeller interests.

Bill Humphrey had other stratagems. He diluted Getty's voting strength in Tidewater by having additional shares of stock issued, exercised his option to buy Tidewater stock out of Mission Corp.'s holdings, even managed to have Getty thrown off the Tidewater board. Getty was not discouraged; by 1937 he had won control of Mission Corp.—and its Tidewater and Skelly holdings. He stubbornly kept chipping away at Humphrey and the Tidewater management, increased Mission Corp.'s holdings in Skelly to 50%, and used Skelly's dividends to buy even more Tidewater stock. Said he: "They are old men, and I can wait."

Penthouse Life. While he battled, Getty also kept busy with other affairs. He was divorced again, soon married Ann Rork, 24, a Hollywood producer's daughter who had first caught Paul's eye when she was only 14. He lived more like a millionaire than he ever has since, leased a penthouse in Manhattan so vast, jokes Getty, "that when I allowed a friend to give a dance for several hundred people at one end, I couldn't hear the music of the twelve-piece orchestra at the other end." He traveled through Europe picking up bargains for his art collection (present value: \$4,000,000), which he had started in Berlin in 1931 with a \$1,500 purchase of a few prints and paintings. Says Getty: "I bought art both because it was beautiful and because it was a good investment." He also found time to write a book about his father's oil business, and at 46, after a fourth divorce, take yet another wife, Louise Dudley Lynch, 20, a Greenwich, Conn. socialite.

When war broke out, Getty asked Secretary of the Navy Knox for a commission as a seagoing officer. Instead, he was asked to take over personal direction of



FATHER & MOTHER GETTY
"He's awfully smart, isn't he?"



N.Y. Daily News International
WIVES JEANNETTE & ADOLPHINE



Jon Brannan
WIVES ANN & LOUISE

Tulsa's Spartan Aircraft Co., then a subsidiary of Skelly Oil. Getty forthwith ensconced himself in a Tulsa bungalow with twelve-inch-thick, reinforced concrete walls as a protection against air raids. He split up the plant into competitive production teams, forced the unhappy supervisor of any lagging team to sit behind a large eight ball until he increased output. By war's end Spartan was one of the most efficient and prosperous small aircraft companies in the U.S. Getty bought it outright from Skelly when no one thought plane companies had any future, turned it into a prosperous manufacturer of mobile homes—auto trailers.

Victory at Last. In 1946 Getty took another step in his efforts to build up a big oil company; he merged George F. Getty, Inc. into Pacific Western to form Pacific Western Oil Corp.

Relentlessly, he kept up his fight for Tidewater. In 1948 he got Mission Corp. to form a new holding company, called Mission Development Co., as an ingenious vehicle to swallow up Tidewater stock as Mission Corp. acquired it. He then had Pacific Western buy 127,777 shares of Tidewater's common stock from a Dutch brokerage house, giving him control of 35% of Tidewater's outstanding stock. By 1951 Getty had won numerical control of Tidewater, and in 1953 he elected all but one of his directors to the board. Tidewater had been sitting for years on a big cash reserve and watching the rest of the oil world go by; Getty kicked it off and got it running. He used the cash to build new tankers, expand refineries, build the Delaware refinery.

With the Tidewater victory in sight, Getty figured that he needed even more oil to feed the giant refiner. The place to get it was one of the few Mideast areas left untouched: the Neutral Zone, a barren, 2,500-sq.-mi. tract owned jointly by Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. Already, the

American Independent Oil Co. (Aminoil) had a 50-year concession from Kuwait for its half share in the zone, and several companies were negotiating with King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia for his share.

Getty stepped in and outbid them all. Though not a drop of oil had yet been discovered in the Neutral Zone, he offered Saud \$9,500,000 in cash, \$1,000,000 a year whether he hit oil or not, to be applied against 55¢-per-bbl. royalties and 25% of the company's net profits from Neutral Zone production. In 1949, "in the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate," Pacific Western and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia signed an agreement giving Getty one-half interest in the Neutral Zone for 60 years. Getty sent son George to run the new venture, pumped \$7,500,000 into drilling and exploration (Getty shares such costs, and all oil removed, on a fifty-fifty basis with Aminoil).

Luck in the Eocene. The gamble did not begin to pay off until 1953, when drillers hit a rich field 3,500 feet down in the Burgan sand at Wafra. Oil began flowing plentifully the next year, and production had doubled by 1956, when Getty made his second trip to the zone. He clambered over the rigs, walked tirelessly over the sands. A good practical geologist, he decided to drill in the neglected Eocene formation, down only 1,200 ft. Eocene oil can be pumped cheaper and faster than other oil (\$30,000 and one week to drill a well, v. \$200,000 and six weeks), is ideally suited for refining into heavy fuel oil. But oilmen laughed at the idea that there was enough oil in the Eocene formation to be commercially produced.

Getty not only made a big strike of Eocene oil at 1,200 feet, but got right to work on a refinery to turn it into heavy fuel. Since 1956, when Getty formally changed Pacific Western's name to Getty



Morris Meintime Jon Brannan
SONS GEORGE & RONALD



SONS PAUL & GORDON

Oil Co., Getty's half share of Neutral Zone production rocketed from 5,841,728 bbl. yearly to 11.6 million bbl. last year. Getty considers that just a beginning; the wells are scheduled to double production this year. The zone has 60 wells producing 100,000 bbl. daily, another 60 that have struck oil but are shut in until a bigger pipeline is laid and Getty's refinery goes on stream. Begrudgingly, Aminoil has conceded Getty's wisdom. Meintime, Getty has acquired a .4167% interest in the Iranian Consortium, good for about 700 million bbl. in reserves.

Into the Wastebasket. Such successes have thrust Getty into the public spotlight—and he is not sure he likes the glare. His wealth attracts about 1,000 letters a week from people who want money. Getty reads most of the letters himself, throws them into the wastebasket. The only recorded instance in which Paul Getty has ever loosened his purse strings was the donation of \$500,000 worth of art from his collection (now housed in a special museum wing of his 64-acre seaside ranch at Malibu, Calif.) to the Los Angeles County Museum. Everyone automatically assumed there was some special tax benefit in it for Getty. (There was not.)

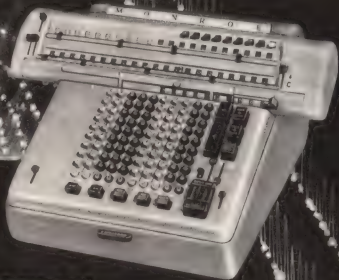
His penny pinching has become a legend. He eats simply, dresses well but inexpensively, spends about \$200 a week for personal needs. He once took a party of friends to a dog show in London. The admission fee was 5 shillings (70¢), but a sign over the entrance said: "Half price after 5 p.m." It was then twelve minutes to 5. Said Billionaire Getty: "Let's take a walk around the block for a few minutes." On another occasion he was persuaded by British-born Author and Actress Ethel Le Vane to send some silk ties to famed Art Critic Bernard Berenson, whom she and Getty had just visited



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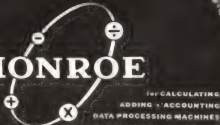
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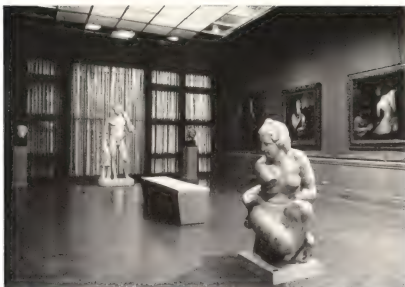
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GETTY'S ART MUSEUM IN MALIBU
But the lion stays in an ungilded cage.

Maria Cavallini, Getty—Howard

while preparing their book, *Collector's Choice*, a well-reviewed narrative of their hunt for art treasures. Getty caught Collaborator Le Vane writing "From Paul and Ethel" on the accompanying card. He immediately demanded that she pay half the cost of the ties, on the ground that she was getting half the credit for the gift.

Says British Publisher Mark Goulden, publisher of *Collector's Choice*: "Money is an abstract thing to him, representing vast power. His frugality is a wall he has built around himself deliberately to stave off people who want to have a piece of his colossal wealth. I don't believe for a moment that he gets any enjoyment out of his money. He's just a miser—period."

Getty makes little effort to stave off one group. He is still as fond of attractive women as he was in his bachelor days, has squired a collection of them through Europe. His current favorite is dark, stately Penelope Kitson, 34, a British divorcee and mother of three children. Still healthy and vigorous. Getty keeps in shape with a daily round of calisthenics, dyes his hair, has had his face lifted in a London clinic. He drinks sparingly of dark rum in Coca-Cola, constantly munches chocolates, does not smoke, and does not like others to smoke in his presence.

Visit to Mount Olympus. Why has Getty stayed away from the U.S. for almost seven years? His critics insist it is to avoid either taxes (Getty pays full U.S. taxes on his personal income of more than \$1,000,000) or lawsuits by his ex-wives. But Getty is on friendly terms with them, takes care of them financially. They speak well of him, and wife No. 4, who gets \$1,000 a month, is writing the story of his life. Getty has his own explanation: "There are plenty of capable people in my companies who know the Stateside oil business. But almost nobody in the U.S. knows anything about Middle Eastern oil.

I stay over here to be in close touch with my Middle Eastern oil business."

He rarely sees his five sons, four of whom work for his companies. Son George, 34, a vice president of Tidewater, recently flew to Paris to see his father, with whom he has spent only six weeks since the first year of his life. He was understandably anxious. Said he: "Mr. Getty is the smartest businessman I know. Coming to see him is like a visit to Mount Olympus." Getty's youngest son, Timothy Christopher, 12, who is recovering from a series of eye operations, lives at the Pierre with his mother, Louise Lynch Getty; Getty talks with him by telephone, but has not seen him for a year and a half. Son Jean Ronald Getty, 28, is Tidewater's vice president in charge of marketing. Sons Gordon Peter, 24, and Eugene Paul, 24, will go to the Neutral Zone next month to meet their father, work like any regular hands among the drills and the rigs. Says George: "Mr. Getty would never promote anyone just because he was his son. With him, performance is the thing."

So highly does Getty value performance that he does not trust anyone to do a good job who does not have a moneyed stake in his work. Says Getty: "I think having your own money in the business you are running makes you a lot sharper. Stockholders in my companies at least have the consolation of knowing that if they lose money, I will lose a lot more."

Getty has taken care of his stockholders in the manner of many oil companies that pay small dividends, put profits into development. As a result, the investment in a single share of Getty Oil bought for \$3 when Getty took over Pacific Western in 1932 is now worth \$152, counting stock splits. In the same manner, Skelly Oil stock has risen from \$26, when the company came into Getty's hands in 1937, to \$331 today; Tidewater has marched forward from \$19 in 1951 to \$93 today.

Getty Oil's earnings zoomed from \$7,887,947 in 1956 to an estimated \$17.3 million last year, and Skelly's earnings rose from \$34.1 million to an estimated \$37.3 million. But Tidewater is expected to report an earnings drop from \$34 million in 1956 to \$27.2 million in 1957. Reason: Refiner Tidewater has been harder hit than the producing end of Getty's empire by the drop-off in gasoline demand.

Danger on the Structure. Getty's ultimate goal is to create a self-contained oil complex tying together Tidewater's tankers, refineries and marketing facilities, Skelly's plentiful Stateside crude resources, and Getty's own fabulous production in the Neutral Zone. Wall Street is exhausted from predicting such a merger, but Getty has his reasons for wanting to keep The Street in the dark. If he gives advance notice of any move, investors may buy up the outstanding shares of the company he needs stock in, make it more expensive for Getty to acquire. In the complicated structure that Getty has carefully built, he runs the danger of losing control of one company if he has to pay out too much of its stock in exchange for another. Says a business associate: "Paul can't take two steps at once or the whole thing might topple."

One reason Getty must move slowly is the complicated U.S. tax law. For example, before he can merge Getty Oil and Tidewater in a tax-free deal, according to law he must hold 80% of Tidewater's stock directly. He now controls 65% through Getty Oil (of which he controls 81%), Mission Corp. (46.98%), and Mission Development (47.21%). The problem: to get all that Tidewater stock into his own hands. This month Getty made another move designed to do just that. By arranging several stock exchanges among his companies, he hopes to get 65% direct control of Tidewater (TIME, Jan. 27).

What Accomplishment? Such maneuvering takes time—and Getty is a man who has built an empire by outwitting people. But he realizes that there is one adversary he cannot outwait. Says he tersely: "I am aware of the transitory nature of human life." Envisaging the terrible stock sell-off and taxes that would follow his death and the settlement of his estate, he established a trust in California, with his sons as participants, put half his holdings into it. "I'm a bad boss," he once told a friend. "A good boss develops successors. There is nobody to step into my shoes."

Getty has devoted his life to business with a single-minded dedication—and stunning success—that few men ever attain. Yet, like Midas of ancient legend, he has found no contentment in his golden touch. He has few friends, no close family ties. "The trouble," complains Getty, "is that everybody talks about how much money I make. I wonder what sort of accomplishment it is to make a lot of money?" Yet to Getty, acquiring money—and the power that goes with it—is apparently enough. Even now he says, with obvious relish: "I don't know of anybody who could sell out for more than I could."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Dave Garroway, 44, NBC's early-rising telecaster (*Today*), and Pamela Wilde Garroway, 30, brunette one-time TV production coordinator; a son, their first child, his second, her second; in Manhattan. Name: David Cunningham VIII. Weight: 5 lbs. 5 oz.

Married. Michael Wilding, 45, British actor of stage (*Nude with Violin*) and screen (*The Glass Slipper*); and Susan Nell, 42, London interior decorator; he for the third time, she for the fourth; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Helen Twelvetrees (Payne), fiftyish, oldtime Hollywood leading lady (to such stars as John Barrymore, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy), who played in *State's Attorney*, *Disgraced*, *The Ghost Talks*; by her own hand (an overdose of barbiturates); at Olmsted Air Force Base, near Harrisburg, Pa.

Died. Philip Lippincott Goodwin, 72, co-designer (with Edward Stone) and trustee of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art; in Tucson, Ariz.

Died. Dame Christabel Pankhurst, 77, daughter of Pioneer Suffragette Emmeline Pankhurst, and herself a jail-hopping crusader for women's rights who switched her militancy in the '20s to evangelism (heralding the Second Coming of Christ), was named Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire by George V in 1936; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Dr. Ernest Jones, 79, English disciple, friend, collaborator and biographer of Sigmund Freud; in London. Credited with awakening the English-speaking world to Freudian theories, Jones practiced psychoanalysis for 52 years, wrote the three-volume authoritative *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (TIME, Oct. 19, 1953; Sept. 19, 1955; Oct. 14, 1957).

Died. Sir Charles Mendl, 86, Britain's longtime (1926-49) Paris diplomatic press attaché who was known as a mystery-cloaked, behind-the-scenes diplomat; after long illness; in Paris. After the death of his U.S.-born hostess-interior decorator wife, Elsie de Wolfe Mendl, who lorded it over the international smart set for decades by splashing lavish parties in Paris, Beverly Hills and Versailles, he married (at 79) a 37-year-old violinist, who died a year ago.

Died. Georges Rouault, 86, one of the world's totemic modern painters; of uremia; in Paris (see ART).

Died. Marcel Cachin, 88, hoary old man of the French Communist Party, director (since 1918) of its militant daily *L'Humanité*, dean (by age) of the French National Assembly; after long illness; in Paris.



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CINEMA

Brigitte at the Bar

Lush French Cinematress Brigitte Bardot displays her charms so bountifully in *And God Created Woman*—a story of a woman indiscriminately seeking a bedmate—that customers are packing into highbrow art theaters around the nation to give her some lowbrow ogling. But when Brigitte went on display in Philadelphia, she stopped the show. "Dirt for dirt's sake," cried District Attorney Victor H. Blanc. Last week the D.A.'s office confiscated the film from two theaters and charged the owners with violating an anti-obscenity film provision in the state's criminal code.

Quick support for Brigitte's right to be shown came from Mayor Richardson Dilworth,⁶ longtime political foe of Fellow Democrat Blanc. Cracked Dilworth: "Mr. Blanc thinks he's going to get all the votes of the women's clubs by denouncing sin." In turn, Blanc darkly noted that Dilworth's former law partners were representing the film distributor, declared: "In my opinion, the mayor is using his elective office to help his old law firm."

Just when the battle seemed lost, Brigitte found some friends in Pennsylvania's State Supreme Court, which two years ago canceled a state movie censorship act, but left standing the anti-obscenity film statute. The court slapped D.A. Blanc with an injunction requiring him to let the movie be shown until a Philadelphia common pleas court decides this week if it is bad enough to be banned for good. Back in business at week's end, Brigitte was drawing more ogles than ever.

The New Pictures

The Gift of Love (20th Century-Fox). "Don't adopt me," lispes the plain little girl at the orphanage to the lady who has come looking for a foster child. "I don't usually work out." Her eyes are sort of squinty and set a little too close together. Her teeth are pretty scarce. How can the lady resist? Certainly a lot of moviegoers will not be able to. Evelyn Rudie is the most fetching representation of daddy's darling that Hollywood has come up with since Margaret O'Brien retired undefeated as hopscootch champion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and does she ever know how to steal a scene! In fact, she steals the picture.

Trouble is, the picture is hardly worth stealing. Based on a *Good Housekeeping* story by Nelia Gardner White, it assumes in its audience an unquestioning acceptance of those articles of faith that have made women's-magazine fiction what it is today: 1) men are such babies; 2) women know best; 3) children are cute; 4) marriage is the continuation of childhood by other means; 5) home is where the hurt is, and the most practical thing a woman can put in her trousseau is a



BACALL & RUDIE
Home is where the hurt is.

crying towel; 6) love makes up for everything, even for not helping with the dishes; 7) death does not really make any difference if two people truly love each other—a competent woman can manage a man from the grave almost as well as she can from the breakfast table.

The woman (Lauren Bacall) in this picture is very competent indeed, and when she discovers that she is going to die of a heart ailment, she calmly begins to arrange her husband's domestic future for him. Naturally she does not tell him about her condition—men are such babies. The first thing he will need, she de-



YUL BRYNNER & MARIA SCHELL
After a little kitten, not much cot.

cides, is somebody to keep him interested in life. Since they have no children, she adopts one. Women know best, of course, so never mind whether the woman in this case is really doing her husband a favor—let alone the child. Still, children are cute, and this one is ever so. But the husband, a brain who does basic research in theoretical physics, does not seem to enjoy living in the same house with a walking edition of *Bright Sayings*, and it takes a special visitation by the ghost of Lauren Bacall, accompanied on the sound track by a heavenly choir, to win him over. This is probably the nicest thing Hollywood has said for years about a heavy thinker.

The Brothers Karamazov (M-G-M) is Hollywood's retelling of the Dostoevsky classic. Like all great works of art, the novel has an elusive way of being all things to all men. Psychologists have hailed it the profoundest of all psychological novels; diplomats still read it as a key to Russian life and temperament. To historians, it is a bomb of a book that shattered the complacent pane through which 19th century Europe surveyed the weather of the soul. To the religious, it is a prophecy of the apocalypse that has been visited upon the 20th century, and a sovereign medicine to the malady of unbelief. But to Hollywood, it makes none of these points. What Dostoevsky was really trying to express, according to this picture, is a simple, eternal verity: boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl.

The boy in this version is Yul Brynner, and the girl is somebody millions of U.S. moviegoers have been eagerly waiting to see: Germany's Maria Schell (TIME, Dec. 30). They will hardly be disappointed in her luminous good looks, but they will probably be disappointed in her Grushenka. Like almost everything else about this picture, she has been spectacularly mis-handled by Director Richard Brooks. Dostoevsky's heroine was a fascinating collusion of incompatibles—snaky cunning and dove-like innocence, "peculiar over-sweetness" and "infernal curves." Yet in actress Schell's portrayal "the queen of all she-devils" is effaced by the "pure and shining," and the cat can hardly be seen for the kitten.

As for the story, no doubt some sort of simplifying formula had to be applied. A diagram of the plot, as it traces the tangled affairs of a father and his four grown sons in a provincial town in Russia, looks like the floor plan of the Kremlin. But why, if a formula was necessary, did M-G-M overlook the story gimmick that Dostoevsky himself used so masterfully? *Karamazov* is literature's greatest whodunit, but the moviemakers tip the murderer's hand before it commits the crime. Suspense collapses, and with it most of the moviegoer's interest.

Or why, once the love-story pattern was laid on, was the novel not strictly cut to fit it? Instead, almost all the important facts of the story are preserved, almost all the major scenes are shown. But there are so many things to cover—even in a running time of 2 hr. 26 min.—that the

* For other news of Philadelphia's Dilworth, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.



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movie does not seem to be telling a story so much as reciting a list.

It may be too much to hope that Hollywood should capture the Dostoevskian mood of borderline psychosis—the hysterical religiosity, the manic dissipations, the powerful undertow of hypocrisy and crime. But it is startling to see Dostoevsky's village portrayed as a sort of sleepy little town out of a John Wayne western, where all the philosophical agony of 19th century Russia is reduced to words of one syllable where the meanest thing anybody does is grab a pretty girl or kill a villain, and where the local holy man looks like Russia's answer to Gabby Hayes.

The vulgarization is abetted by a major mistake in style. Dostoevsky's mood is chiaroscuro, touched with a few sour yellows and sick greens and morbid purples. The picture bursts upon the screen in a Metrocolored blaze. Later, when they make an effort to match their colors to the novel's atabillious atmosphere, the moviemakers overdo the job. Let a character be melancholy, and the very air about him turns a sort of arsenical green; let another be furious, and the air turns cinnabar red—an effect that seems more like Disney than Dostoevsky when, as sometimes happens, the two players are standing only a few feet apart.

In these finger-paint pigments, Karamazov's characters bulge as bright and solid and healthy as a basket of California grapefruit. Lee J. Cobb, as the elder Karamazov, gives the most overripe performance—and probably the best. Yul Brynner is much too mannered and wooden to be Dmitri. Richard Basehart seems uncertain of what Ivan is all about. William Shatner plays Alyosha as a sort of Sunday Schoolboy, albeit as Russian as Hollywood's own Mike Romanoff, they all obviously owe less to the Moscow method than to the Southern California.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jürgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Director David Lean's magnificently ironic adventure story; with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Ordet. A religious allegory, swathed in a peaceful northland light, by Denmark's Carl Dreyer (TIME, Dec. 16).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 29).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacificism, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 24).

Gervaise. Emile Zola's *L'Assommoir*, a vast cry of rage at man's fate diminished by French taste into a touching story of a woman's ruin; with Maria Schell (TIME, Nov. 18).



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BOOKS

Corn Grows in Brooklyn

MAGGIE-NOW (437 pp.)—Betty Smith—Harper [\$4].

Being born and raised in Brooklyn is not necessarily a fate to be deplored, but it can be dangerous for a writer who refuses to forget the fact. A case in point is Betty Smith, whose *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (1943) was sold to even more people than there are in Brooklyn, was translated into 16 languages. Five years later Author Smith, who had long since deserted Brooklyn for Chapel Hill, N.C., followed up with *Tomorrow Will Be Better*—Brooklyn again, but not better. Her latest *Maggie-Now*, proves that Betty Smith has still not washed Brooklyn out of her hair, and even for reading under a dryer it could scarcely be drier.

Maggie is an Irish Catholic, the pleasant, kindly womanly daughter of a street cleaner named Pat Dennis. Pat had left Ireland and his light of love, and in Brooklyn he married a plain schoolmarm. Later, a widowed father of two he bends his leisure energies to keeping Maggie at home, taking a few harmless beers at local saloons and moving inexorably toward the city pension that is the Valhalla of street cleaners. Maggie is modest. She does not want to leave home because she loves her brother and is dutiful to old Pat. But she does want a man and kids of her own. Fine figure of a woman that she is, she could easily land a prize—a cop or a butcher. But love undoes her: she marries a Protestant who refuses to change his

faith. He cannot give her children and does not want her to adopt any. What is more tiresome, especially for the reader, is that he runs away each spring to wander all over the country, returns each winter to endure Pat's abuse and to abuse Maggie's saintly love for him. Each time he does it. Author Smith in effect begins her novel all over again.

Brooklyn's Author Smith almost certainly emerges as the most lugubrious writer since James Farrell gave up trilogies. No doubt some Brooklynites in the early decades of the 20th century lived more or less the way Author Smith describes it. What never touches the book is the writer's insight that could give these lives human importance. Rarely have the short and simple annals of the poor seemed so simple-minded and so long.

Shadows from a Lunarium

FIRST PERSON PLURAL (249 pp.)—Dagmar Godowsky—Viking [\$3.95].

A seedy-looking fring squad aimed its rifles at Dagmar Godowsky. Her father, Pianist Leopold Godowsky, turned to Marie Dressler and said, "Tell me the truth. Marie, do you think Dagmar has a future in pictures?" Replied Veteran Comedienne Dressler, "Definitely." The guns went off and Dagmar, playing Mata Hari, fell to the ground. As she recalls the moment: "My fate was sealed. It was the movies for me."

In *First Person Plural* Dagmar, now 58, presents a jaunty flashback to the splendid-silent days "when money was thrown to the winds [but] always landed right back in the box office." Publicity departments "made up all creatures of fantasy" so that Theda Bara tried to live up to her studio's statement that "her coming was prophesied on the Nile in the ancient days when Egyptians lived there." Margaret Livingston served a formal tea to her cat every day at 4 ("Ask Paul Whiteman, who later married her"), while Nazimova was the only member of the "nobility of Bedlam" to have "a moon parlor and a lunarium." As for Dagmar herself, she was "The Snake Woman" of Hollywood. "I hissed my way through a hundred interviews, [and my] eyes were supposedly so wicked that men lost their souls if they looked directly into them."

Every Mann. Most of Dagmar's romps had risen straight from "rags to hitches," but Dagmar herself had lived glamorously since the day she was born—not in the wolf-ravaged wastes of Siberia, as her studio insisted, but in Chicago, where her father was teaching. Later, Russian-born Leopold Godowsky², one of the world's top pianists as well as a talented composer—became imperial royal professor of music to Austria's Emperor Franz Joseph. Recalls Dagmar: "It



"SNAKE WOMAN" GODOWSKY
All those men in so little time.

was not unusual to come home [from school] and find Paderewski, Chaliapin, Kreisler, Hofmann, Caruso, Elman, Damrosch" or such writers as "Jakob Wassermann, Gerhart Hauptmann, Hermann Sudermann, Thomas Mann, every man."

In her teens, Dagmar taught Nijinsky to fox-trot. In her 20s, after she reached Hollywood, she married Western Star Frank Mayo. In her 30s, after a second marriage that lasted only half an hour, by her account, she fell in love with Igor Stravinsky and some dozens of other men. "How did I do it?" she wonders. "All those men in so little time! They're just shadows now. They were even then."

False Notes, False Teeth. The best of Dagmar's book consists of unshadowed portraits from her crowded memoirs:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN "played the violin left-handed." He was "moody" and in his "black periods" would tell Dagmar of the poverty of his London childhood. He had loved "the little girl who lived next door [and] vowed that some day when he conquered the world he would return and marry her. . . . When he was well established, he returned to Whitechapel to claim his little bride. Just as he started to climb to her little room, a tiny white casket was carried down the stairs. . . . She had died of starvation while waiting for him." Charlie "would cry while telling this story. . . ."

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, terrified/tempered, anticlerical novelist was looking for a female lead for the movie of his novel, *Blood and Sand*, when at a party he met pious, vixen-toothed Actress Nita ("Nixie") Naldi, who screamed forthwith: "You Bolshevik! You heathen! . . . You yorn! You Pagan! You anti-Christ!" Ibáñez shrilled back so excitedly that his "upper plate fell out of his mouth into Nixie's bosom." Whereupon the hostess, "who had hoped for a stimulating evening, but not this stimulating, quickly reached



NOVELIST SMITH

All those words for so dull a story.

² Violinist Leopold Godowsky Jr. Dagmar's brother is co-inventor (with Leopold Mannes) of Koolhaas color film.



Bendix-built Talos Guided Missiles on the Navy's "U.S.S. Desert Ship" at White Sands Proving Ground—Official U.S. Navy Photo.

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Bendix furnishes major elements for missiles of all types. This illustration represents no particular missile, but shows the general location of various airborne Bendix systems and their components. In addition, Bendix produces the Ground Support systems indicated above.

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down into Nixie, pulled out the teeth, rinsed them in the punch bowl, and pushed them back into [Ibáñez'] mouth." Nixie got the part.

IGOR STRAVINSKY was such a firebird that he loved going to the zoo "to watch the wild animals at feeding time, when they devoured the raw meat." But in mien and in amour he was "so disciplined, so logical, so conservative." Dagmar's heart leaped when, at long last, Igor bent forward and murmured: "Come tomorrow night!"—then added: "I so want you to meet my wife." Igor and Dagmar "would sit for hours sipping Dubonnet while he unburdened himself" and inveighed against his critics. "Why do they blame me for my music?" he would rage. "Why don't they blame God? He gave me my gifts!" His mother refused to attend the famed Paris première of the *Sacre du Printemps* because, she said, "I don't think it's my kind of music."

The Blazing & the Beat

YOUNG MR. KEEFE (369 pp.)—Stephen Birmingham—Little, Brown [\$3.95].

THE SUBTERRANEANS (111 pp.)—Jack Kerouac—Grove Press (cloth-bound, \$3.50; paperback, \$1.45).

Some novelists are so infatuated with the brimming gutters of experience that they might be classed as members of the sluice-of-life school. *Young Mr. Keefe*, by Stephen Birmingham, 28, and *The Subterraneans*, by Jack Kerouac, 35, are both sluice-of-life novels, although First Novelist Birmingham explores the parquetry upper depths of the well-heeled while Novelist Kerouac, author of *On the Road* (TIME, Sept. 16), roams the squalid lower depths of just plain heels. Each book purports to speak for a younger generation that Kerouac has dubbed "beat" and Birmingham, with Fitzgeraldian effulgence, likes to think of as "blazing."

Jugs of Martinis. "Our candle does more than burn at both ends," says a Millay-minded character in *Young Mr. Keefe*. "We toss the whole thing into the fire!" Young Jimmy Keefe, the novel's hero, resembles less a blazing youth than a defective flue. His ego is choked with remorse over a botched-up marriage and clogged with vague resentment over the \$4,000,000 he will one day inherit from his father, a Connecticut tycoon. In self-imposed California exile, Jimmy measures out his woebegone life in thermos jugs of martinis. His chief drinking pals are Fellow Easterners Claire and Blazer Gates, a couple long on charm and short on character. Blazer is Jimmy's old roommate at Yale, and he treats life as an eternal Whiffenpoof Song. For kicks, the three sometimes bandy about "all the graphic, beautiful four-letter words of the Anglo-Saxon," but the revels turn sober when Claire and Jimmy end up in that old Anglo-Saxon place, bed.

Author Birmingham captures the centrifugal chaos of a world spun away from its moral center. His characters are not admirable, but they are believable, even when their actions seem contrived. But

their talk sounds less like the dialogues of lost souls in limbo than the callow chatter of the tables down at Mory's.

Hobohemian Thoreaus. *The Subterraneans* celebrates that "systematic derangement of the senses" from which Rimbaud concocted his visions of hell. The difference is that Jack Kerouac, ex-merchant seaman, ex-railroad brakeman, is not Rimbaud but a kind of latrine laureate of Hobohemia. The story line of *The Subterraneans* is simple and stark: it concerns a short, manic-depressive love affair between a "big paranoid bum" and occasional writer named Leo Percepied and a near-insane Negro girl named Mardou Fox. Says Kerouac: "I wrote this book in three full-moon nights," and it



NOVELIST KEROUAC
A latrine laureate of Hobohemia.

reads that way. The details of the Leo-Mardou relationship are explicit and near pornographic. But *The Subterraneans* is not really about sex. It is about an oddball fringe of social misfits who conceive of themselves as "urban Thoreaus" in an existential state of passive resistance to society. "They are hip without being slick, they are intelligent without being corny, they are intellectual . . . without being pretentious or talking too much about it, they are very quiet."

For Leo, Mardou and their ambisexuals and hysterical pals, the road to fulfillment leads through drink, drugs, jazz. Depending on the point of view, these are seen as evil escape mechanisms to evade reality, or accepted as strange techniques for intensifying reality. Primed with tea (marijuana) or benny (Benzedrine), the "kicks" of ecstasy become the "flips" of madness. Virtually all the characters in *The Subterraneans* flip. But Author Kerouac has known beat characters to do a reverse flip: "The hero of *On the Road* is now a normal settled-down adult. He's a railroad conductor with three kids. I've seen him put the kids to bed, kneel down

and say the Lord's Prayer, and then maybe he'll sit down and watch television."

"O Graygreen Gangster." Author Kerouac is a cut-rate Thomas Wolfe, and he writes in vivid if not always lucid gushes and rushes, a style he attributes to the rambling reminiscences of his French Canadian mother. Sample, describing movies: "O graygreen gangster cocktail rainy-day roaring gunshot spectral immortality B movie tire pile black-in-the-mist Wild-america but it's a crazy world." In one sense, Author Kerouac's dithyrambic denial of mind may be salutary in an age that overrationalizes and overanalyzes existence. But if the concept of the beat generation can be reduced to its philosophical origins, it is simply U.S.-style existentialism. *The Subterraneans*, in its tawdry, slapdash way, testifies to one of Kierkegaard's precepts: "Life is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be experienced."

Jack Kerouac is mightily busy experiencing. He says he has ten books on tap to follow *The Subterraneans*, and the chief spokesman of the beat generation may soon make his mark in other fields. Says he: "I promised God a month of meditation in the woods or in the desert if the movies buy *On the Road*."

So far, no deal.

Fatal Ferret

THE CAT WITH TWO FACES—Gordon Young—Coward-McCann [\$3.50].

The German dive bombers roared off into the sky, and the stocky young woman—one of countless uprooted victims of the Nazi armies advancing into France—scrambled out of the ditch. Said calm Mathilde Carré to a companion: "There's almost a sensual pleasure in real danger, don't you think? Your whole body seems suddenly to come alive."

Mathilde Carré had green eyes, "some-what fang-like" teeth and so much self-confidence that at school she had been nicknamed Little Princess. A sometime nurse in Paris, Mathilde made her way to Toulouse in occupied France, where she became the mistress of Major Czarniowski, a Polish intelligence officer. He enlisted Mathilde's help in forming an Allied intelligence network. Her way of curling up in a leather chair and nervously scratching its arms with her fingernails brought her the nickname under which she became famous: The Cat. Years later, though, a British security guard remarked: "I can't think why they called her The Cat. She always looked more like a ferret to me."

"Sentimental Beast." At the end of 1940, The Cat and her Polish "Toto" slipped over the border of Vichy France into German-occupied Paris. Within a few months their espionage network, named "Inter-Allied," included some 200 agents who kept up steady radio and courier communication with London, fed British intelligence information about German troop concentrations, barracks, aircraft defenses, etc. British agents came to cherish the familiar coded words

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THE WORLD OVER

on the wireless: "To Room 55a. War Office, London: The Cat reports. . ."

One November morning in 1941, a Nazi counter-intelligence agent, Sergeant Hugo Bleicher, followed up a tip and burst into Toto's Paris hideout. By nightfall The Cat was in a prison cell.

Said The Cat later: "Of course I realised that it was out of the question for me to stay in a place like that. Why, the water-closet smelled quite abominably." Next morning she became a German agent; that very night she became Bleicher's mistress. "[He was a] most disgusting sentimental beast," she remarked later.

"National Indignity." The Cat kept her appointments with Allied agents: at the close of a conversation, Bleicher would usually appear and arrest the victim. She watched her friends being carried away to prison, torture and death without emotion—though it is on record that she once said "Pardon" to a woman friend whom she had just betrayed. The Cat continued her broadcasts to London and because of phone messages sent in her name, the British failed to trap the warships *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Prinz Eugen*; and it was she who informed the Nazis of the approaching British Commando raid on St. Nazaire. Out of a total British raiding force of 353, no less than 212 were killed or missing.

By 1942, with the help of a shrewd Allied agent, The Cat jumped again. Still Bleicher's mistress by night, she became a British agent by day. She managed to get to London, taking with her "a complete German radio code," and the British set to work sending false information back to Bleicher. But she hated London. "I don't feel that I am really liked or trusted," she complained. She was dead right. When her usefulness was ended, the British clapped her into jail, and at war's end handed her back to the French police in return for a signed receipt.

She came up for trial in Paris in 1949, and for several days she sat in the dock with a "fixed expression of self-satisfied insolence" while witness after witness testified about the men and women she had betrayed. She chewed gum during the prosecutor's summing up, burst into a huff only when the judge revealed that Bleicher had confided that he slept with her only out of a sense of "duty." She was sentenced to "national indignity" and the guillotine, but because of her undeniable services to the Allies, the death sentence was set aside on appeal. In 1954 The Cat was released from prison; only her parents know where she is now.

"What will be the world's eventual verdict of her?" asks Author Gordon Young, a Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. By the time the reader is halfway through Author Young's dramatic, well-told tale, the verdict has already imposed itself. Mathilde Carré was one of those half-human pathological types, living between reason and madness, against whom, as often as not, a world of law has no real weapons.

MISCELLANY

Clearinghouse. In Milwaukee, John R. Helinski, 36, explained to cops that he had taken his father's \$130 railroad retirement check and forged it so he could repay his father the money he had stolen from him.

Where Was Moses? On Norfolk Island, Commonwealth of Australia, the choir and congregation of St. Barnabas Chapel were left in darkness as the newly installed generating plant conked out during the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light."

Hot Trick. In Richmond, Joseph Liniuss Hall, 35, settled for 30 years on an armed-robbery rap, complained bitterly that someone had stolen his \$35 Homberg and tie, argued: "I might not get to use them for a while, but it's the principle of the thing."

The Clutch of the Law. In Milwaukee, James Godsey, 24, fed up with his balky car and ten parking tickets, left this note tucked under the windshield wiper: "Mr. Policeman, the keys are in the car; I can't get it started, and you can have it, if you can."

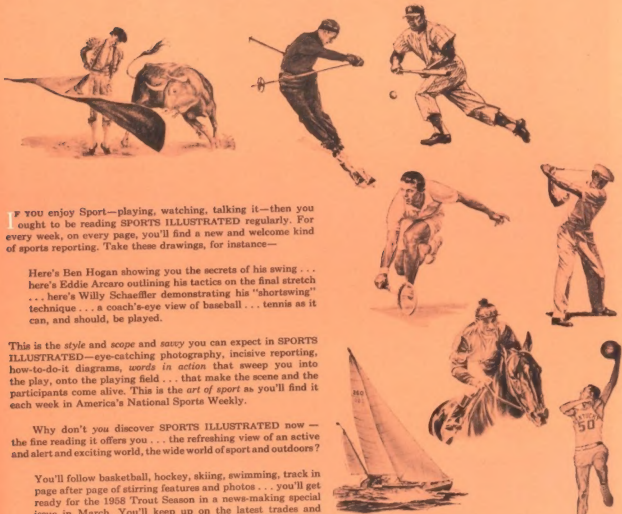
Invitation to Yearning. In Stourbridge, England, after Elizabeth Poulton, 53, spotted a supermarket sign reading "Please Take a Basket," took one home, returned for another a week later, and won the judge's swift verdict that she was not guilty of theft ("Why shouldn't someone take one?"), the store manager removed the sign.

Off the Track. In Baltimore, Charles M. Richardson, 27, piled 1,800 lbs. of the B. & O. Railroad's prefabricated steel plates onto his horse-drawn wagon, left wheel marks in the blacktop paving as he rode away, got a year's sentence for theft when a judge ruled that the weight of evidence was against him.

Abdication. In Wimbledon, England, the juvenile court put a 15-year-old girl on probation after she pledged: "I will get a job and will not sit at home all day running the rest of the household; I will not be violent, swearing and shouting and breaking up the home; I will not strike my mother or order my father out of the house."

Cargo Manifest. In Louisville, after two youths snatched her black corduroy bag and police asked for a list of its contents, Millicent Stevens obliged: "A New Testament, one pen—ball pen, one blue-lead pencil, one double salt-and-pepper shaker, one small plastic box with green sample inside for upholstering, two Band-Aids, one Atom Bomb perfume, one string of safety pins, two bottles of partly evaporated milk, some books on health, a few religious tracts, three packs of APC tablets, and, above all, one tan dress coat, a \$24 coat of my grandson's, who was in the Navy."

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